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Stories, . . .

Old and New.

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Old and New.

GEORGE M. TEEGARDEN.

EDGEWOOD PARK.
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PREFACE.

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In presenting the stories contained in this little volume, it is not intended to claim anything original. Many have been adapted from the prose and verse of popular authors; many have been culled from the pages of the daily press—re-written and put in a form calculated to interest and instruct the youngest readers. Legend, Mythology, Fable, History and Biography have all been drawn upon. The most of the stories were published in the *Western Pennsylvanian* and the favor with which they have been received by the young, for whom they were intended, and the advice of friends, have led me to collect, revise and present them in book form with the hope that they may do good to those into whose hands they may fall.

G. M. T.



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

STORIES, OLD AND NEW.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The 22nd of February is a national holiday because it is the birthday of George Washington, who is often called "The Father of his Country." Washington was a great and good man and the people of the United States love to honor his memory, although he has been dead almost one hundred years. As long as the United States remains a Republic, Washington will ever be the model citizen, soldier and president.

George Washington was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. His father was wealthy and owned a large plantation and many slaves. He died, however, while Washington was young and his education was left to his mother. As a boy, he was kind-hearted and generous. He loved and honored his mother as long as he lived. He remembered her kind and wise teachings. He was always truthful and honest. He was manly and courageous, and he was never known to do a mean or cruel act. When he became a man, he was just and kind to all. People loved and honored him because he was good.

He was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived. He was sagacious, brave and generous. He shared the hardships of his soldiers and contributed to their comfort. He was exposed to many dangers during his lifetime. A kind Providence seemed to protect him, as if for the sake his country.

When he was only seventeen years old, he successfully surveyed large tracts of land in the wildest part of Virginia. In this task he was exposed to many hardships and dangers. The woods were full of wild beasts and savage Indians. He narrowly escaped drowning in the Allegheny river, when it was full of floating ice in mid-winter. He was fired upon by savages in ambush. In a battle between the French and Indians, on the site of the present town of Braddock, he escaped seventeen shots of an Indian who had singled him out as his victim. During the Revolutionary War, he escaped several attempts upon his life, by poison and other ways. Yet he was spared to bring the great war for Independence to a successful close.

While fighting for their freedom Washington and his soldiers underwent many hardships. One winter Washington was with his army near Philadelphia. The Hessians, who were hired soldiers helping the English, were at Trenton, New Jersey. It was Christmas time and the weather was very cold. Washington knew the Hessians would be feasting and drinking on Christmas eve, so he planned to surprise them. He led his army to the Delaware river which was full of floating ice. Many of the

soldiers suffered much on the march. Some were shoeless and their bleeding feet left blood-marks on the snow. Others were hatless and but few had overcoats. They did not complain but were very patient. Washington secured a number of boats or barges and in the night the army crossed the river among the floating cakes of ice. It was a dangerous passage. Washington stood up in the first boat which led the way. The army landed in safety and marched upon Trenton. The Hessians were surprised and after some fighting, surrendered. This victory was called Washington's Christmas gift to the country. This story illustrates the perseverence of the great leader and the patience of the patriots who fought with him.

The people were grateful to Washington for his personal sacrifices and services for the sake of his country. They elected him the first president of the United States. He took the oath of office on the 30th of April, 1789. He was president eight years. He never cared for office and refused to be nominated for a third term. He thus set a precedent which has never been broken by any president since his time.

Washington died on the 14th of December, 1799. His tomb may be seen at Mount Vernon, his old home, on the banks of the Potomac river. He has many monuments erected in his honor. On the base of one of his statues are chiseled these words:—"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

ECHO.

Long, long ago, it is said, Echo was a beautiful maiden but not very wise.

Stories of long ago tell us about Diana, who was a goddess and lived in the forests and dells. Echo also lived among the hills and woods and was a favorite or Diana. They were often seen together, for wherever Diana went Echo was sure to follow.

Now, Echo was very loquacious. That is, she loved to talk. Her tongue never seemed to get weary. She was young and silly, and by and by she fell into the bad habit of talking back at people. When she was in company with older and wiser persons and discussing grave matters, Miss Echo would insist on having the last word to say.

She also tattled and often changed the words that she had heard. So it is no wonder, she was disliked on account of her bad habits.

Juno, it is said, was the chief of the goddesses. One time Echo heard Juno say something very nice and reported her wrong. It made the goddess very angry and she determined to punish the saucy maid. She declared that Echo, on account of her folly, should no longer talk like other people. She should never again say anything first herself, but all she should say would be in reply to others or to repeat what others said. This was a terrible punishment for poor Echo, for she was

lively and loved to talk, nevertheless she could not escape. Soon after this Echo met one, Narcissus, whom she wished very much to please. She tried again and again to speak to him but to her sorrow, she found that she was dumb. She could not utter a word. At another time, Narcissus, seeing Echo was very beautiful, spoke to her, but she could only repeat his words and seemed to mock him, so he became very angry and left her. He never spoke to her again.

Poor Echo wandered about the dells on the mountain sides. She was very sad and pined away in her sorrow. She grew smaller and smaller until at last, her form disappeared entirely. Her voice however was immortal and could not die. It is living still and often people can hear the voice of Echo. When they shout they can hear the voice repeating their words and when they laugh Echo will laugh back at them. Often she repeats the words again and again and makes the mountain sides fairly ring with music and strange sounds. When people are tempted to tattle and gossip they should remember the story of Echo, for, like her, they might be punished for what they say.

THE UGLY AUNT.

Long ago there was a little girl whose parents were dead and who had no brothers or sisters. This poor orphan was left all alone without friends to take care of her. She had no relations. Her name was Geraldine. She was very beautiful and she was always anxious to learn and willing to work. This was well for she had to earn her own living.

In that country there was a fine palace where lived a powerful queen. To this palace Geraldine went to get a place as maid to the queen. Now when the queen saw her she loved her for her beauty, and chose her to wait on her, and always be near her. The queen did not mind how poor she was. Geraldine was very happy for she liked to work for the queen and tried to please her.

At last there was trouble. The other maids in the palace of the queen were jealous of Geraldine. They hated her because the queen loved her best and had chosen her to be her favorite. They annoyed her and teased her. They tried to make her angry but she was very patient. Finally they thought how they could injure her. The queen loved to spin. She thought no one could spin as fast or as fine as she. So those wicked maids told the queen that Geraldine had boasted that she could spin a pound of flax all in one day. This was not true but the queen did not know it. She thought Geraldine was very boastful. So she put her in a room all by herself and gave her a

spinning wheel and a pound of flax. She bade her show how well she could spin, then left her alone.

Poor Geraldine was very much troubled. Her mother had never taught her how to spin and she was in despair. She sat down and cried for she knew not what to do. Just then the door opened and a queer looking woman came in. She was very old and ugly with a long nose. She asked the maid why she cried and she told her about the flax which she could not spin. Then the old woman told her that she would spin the flax and she should go to bed, if on her wedding day she would call her *aunt*. Geraldine promised. Then the woman spun the flax very fast and soon finished it all. After that she went away.

In the evening the queen came into the room to see how her maid had got along with her task. She was very much surprised to see that the flax was all spun, and how fine and even the thread was. She embraced Geraldine and kissed her. She said she was very smart to spin so well, and that she should wed her son, the prince.

So there was a grand wedding at the palace and Geraldine became a princess. There was a fine wedding feast and many guests were at the table. While they were eating and laughing the door flew open and a funny old woman came bouncing in. The guests were astonished. The woman curtesied to all and said to the princess, "Good evening, gentle lady." Geraldine replied, "Good evening, *aunt*." The prince was much surprised to hear his bride call this ugly, wrinkled woman her aunt. He made room at the table and politely invited her to sit by

him at the feast. While he ate, the prince could not help wondering why this old woman had such a long nose. At last he asked her how her nose happened to be so long. She answered, "It was spinning in my girlhood that made my nose so long." The prince stared. Then he declared before all his guests that his bride, the beautiful Geraldine, should never spin again, for he did not want her to spoil her beauty, and become ugly with a long nose like her aunt. So Geraldine was never asked to spin again and lived happily with the prince.

———o———

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

The great Napoleon had conquered many cities and led his victorious soldiers from place to place. At last he came to the city of Boulogne. The city was near the English channel which is between France and England. He also had many ships. England was much alarmed because Napoleon was so near. So she sent her ships with many sailors into the channel to watch the army of Napoleon.

One day Napoleon's sailors captured an English seaman. They took him to the city of Boulogne, where Napoleon was staying. They did not watch him very closely and left him free to walk along the beach alone. They thought he could not get away.

Now the English sailor had a good and kind mother whom he loved dearly. Often he looked across the channel toward England and wished he were a bird so he could fly over the water and go home. He thought so much about his mother that he could not sleep, so one morning he got up very early and walked on the sea-shore. He chanced to see a large hogshead floating near the shore. He secured it and took it away and hid it in a cave. Here he worked many days and tried to fashion the hogshead into a boat. He bound it with willows and put some stones in it for ballast. It had no sail nor keel. The sailor had only a large paddle with which to row it. In this strange boat he intended to cross the channel which was forty miles wide. One morning when he was about to launch his boat, some French soldiers detected him. They laughed at his boat and said he must be crazy. They told Napoleon about it. The great general came to see the queer boat. He folded his arms and looked at the sailor. He asked him if he had really intended to try to escape in the hogshead. The sailor confessed that he had intended to try.

Napoleon was surprised and asked him why he would dare such danger. Then the sailor told him about his longing to see his mother. Napoleon was much pleased. He said his mother was a very noble woman because she had such a brave son. He said the sailor should go to his mother. Then he ordered a boat, with a flag of truce, to take the sailor across the channel and land him safe in England. Napoleon was generous and kind to the sailor because he was brave.

THE FOX.

A fox which had been caught young, was kept for a pet. He was kept chained up in the yard and became very tame. The children played with him. The watch dog gamboled with him and the chickens and geese did not fear him but came up and pecked at his food without fear. The fox did not even growl at them. The mistress thought the fox was very pretty. She thought it was cruel to keep him chained up all the time. She thought it would be safe to let him loose. So she unbuckled the collar and let him go free. He was very glad to be unchained and frisked about. By and by the mistress heard a great noise and squalling among her geese and chickens. She ran out to see what was the matter. She saw the fox running away with her fattest pullet slung over his shoulder.

"You treacherous fox," shouted the woman, "I thought you were so good."

"Ah," said the fox, "I was good while I was chained, but now I am free."

Bad habits are like this fox. While we keep them chained and watch them, they give us no trouble. As soon as they are free they begin to rob us of our good qualities until we have a bad name. Beware of the little foxes, or bad habits.

BLAINE AND THE WELL-DIGGER.

The father of James G. Blaine lived in Washington county, Pa. When James was about three years old they were digging a well on the farm near the house. Little James watched the well-digger at work in the well. Sometimes he went up close to the well and looked in. The well-digger was afraid he might fall in, so he tried to scare him. He shook his shovel and made faces at him. James ran away. The next day he came back to the well. He looked down cautiously and saw the man who had made faces at him, at the bottom. Then he got some dirt and stones and threw them on the man. He stood with his back to the well and scraped the dirt and stones into the well between his legs. The man was frightened, and shouted. James kept on scraping in the dirt and stones. Then the man screamed for help. James' mother was in the house. She heard the well-digger shouting. She ran out and saw what James was doing. She ran to him, took him up and carried him into the house. I think she punished him, but the well-digger did not make faces at James any more.

HORNED TOADS.

One day a young lady who lived near Pittsburgh received a small box by mail. When she opened it she found it full of dry dirt and small stones. She did not know what it meant. She examined the box carefully. Then she began to stir up the dirt in the box with her fingers. Soon she discovered several curious looking creatures among the dirt and stones. At first she was startled, then she looked at them more carefully. They were horned toads. The lady thought them very funny. She caught flies and fed them. As soon as they were fed the toads would bury themselves in the dirt again. The lady kept the toads several months and showed them to all her friends. They were quite a curiosity. They were sent from California. Horned toads have little hard lumps on their heads and bodies. They seem to be very lazy and do not hop about like common toads. They act a little like lizards.

———o———

A KIND DOG.

A man and his wife, living in Pennsylvania, had a quarrel. While they were quarreling, their baby, four months old, was thrown out of the kitchen window. The

parents did not care for the child, and kept on quarreling.

A large Newfoundland dog, which lived near by, passed the house and found the baby lying on the ground. He picked it up with his teeth and carried it carefully across a creek to his kennel. He laid it down in the straw and watched it.

By and by the man and his wife stopped quarreling. Then they began to think about their baby. They could not find it, and became alarmed. They searched for two hours for their little one. At last the father heard a low cry from the dog's kennel and went there. He found his baby in the kennel, kicking about in the straw and the good-natured dog watching it.

The man carried the baby home and I think he felt ashamed because the dog was kinder to the baby than its parents were.

———o———

THE BOY AND HIS STOMACH.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who had a very fine stomach. He thought a great deal of his stomach. In fact he was in love with it. The stomach was very greedy. The little boy gave his stomach many nice things, such as apples, oranges, bananas, grapes, nuts, cakes, figs, dates and candy. He thought he was very kind to his

stomach but he only spoiled it, because, after awhile, it was never satisfied. It longed for something good all the time. The boy spent all his money for nice things for his stomach. His stomach kept on crying, "More, more," and the boy asked his mamma to help him get things for it. It troubled him very much but he could not refuse it. He let it have everything. By and by it became his master and was very troublesome. It gave him no peace. He could not study or think, because his stomach bothered him so much. When the boy was at work, his stomach troubled him and he had to stop and feed it and give it good things to make it keep still.

So you see it does not pay to spoil a stomach. A spoiled stomach is like a spoiled child, very troublesome and annoying all the time.

———o———

MR. SILVERMAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Silverman was wealthy. He was frugal and saving, but people said he was stingy. He had been a poor boy but he had saved his money, so that now, he was rich. He was kind-hearted and liked to help the needy, but he never gave away his money without some return for it. He thought everybody should work. On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Silverman went down town. The sun shone and everything was bright and cheerful. He felt happy and

grateful because he had good health and plenty of money. He thought he would like to help somebody. By and by a ragged boot-black stood before him and said, "Shine, sir?"



"Oh, yes," said Mr. Silverman. "You may polish my shoes but be sure you do it well."

Then he leaned over and put his foot on the boy's box

and the boy polished his shoes very nicely. He gave him a silver dollar and walked away. "Here is your change," shouted the boot-black, but Mr. Silverman said, "Oh, that is all right. You keep it." The boy was very much surprised and pleased. A little further on Mr. Silverman met another boot-black who wanted to "shine" his shoes. His shoes did not need blacking, but he wanted to give the boy something and wanted him to work for it, so he sat down and let the boy polish his shoes again. When it was done, he gave him half a dollar. A newsboy came along and Mr. Silverman bought a paper for a quarter although the price was only two cents. After that he went on and crossed the street. He stepped in the mud on purpose and got his shoes dirty. So when he saw another boot-black, he had his shoes polished again. Every time he met a boot-black he got his shoes blackened and gave each boy half a dollar. Every time he saw a newsboy he bought a paper and paid a quarter for it. So when he reached home, he had had his shoes polished ten times and had eight or nine different papers. He was happy for he knew the boot-blacks and newsboys were glad to get a little extra money.

PLAYING WITH POWDER.

Tom and his three brothers lived on a small farm in Pennsylvania. They had a friend, named George, who lived in the village near their home. The boys were together a great deal, and like all boys, got into a good deal of mischief. One day they saw some Irishmen blasting rocks and liked to hear the report of the blast, to see the flash from the powder and the pieces of rock fly in the air. Soon after this the boys decided to have some fun and play with gunpowder and make a blast like the quarrymen. Tom's father kept an old-fashioned rifle and powder-horn. The horn was full of powder. George persuaded Tom to get his father's powder-horn. Tom got the horn without his parents knowing it. Then the boys all went to a lane near the house and dug a hole in the bank. They also built a fire of some sticks near by.

George took the powder-horn and poured a handful of powder into the hole in the bank. He then took a live coal out of the fire and dropped it into the hole, while Tom and his brothers ran off to a safe distance.

Now it happened there was no fire on one side of the coal, so the powder did not ignite. The fire was on the upper side of the coal, as it fell into the hole, so it did not touch the powder. The boys waited awhile and as the powder did not burn, they all came up closer to the little mine in the bank. Then George took the powder-horn and went up close to the hole. He held the horn over it

and poured the powder in a stream into the hole. It fell upon the coal of fire and all at once there was a loud report and the dirt and gravel flew in every direction. The blast had gone off and so had a large part of George's pants. The flash from the powder went up his trouser-legs and tore them off. His legs were terribly burned and blistered all over. The powder-horn was burst in two in his hand and the pieces flew away. One piece struck Tom on the forehead and the other piece struck one of his brothers. They were not hurt much but they were very much frightened. George ran home and the doctor dressed his burns. It was several weeks before he got well. The boys did not want to experiment with gunpowder again very soon. They had had all the experience they wanted. This is a true story and happened a good many years ago.

———o———

PEASANT TRUTH.

There was once a poor countryman who was never known to tell a lie. He always told the truth, so that by and by everybody called him "Peasant Truth". He was honest and tried to do right. At last the king heard of the truthful peasant and invited him to his palace. He chose him to take care of his flock of goats and sheep. In this flock there were only one goat, a ram, one wether

and a lamb. So Peasant Truth took the flock to the mountain side and took care of it. Each Saturday he went to the king and reported how the goat and sheep were getting along. The king paid the peasant well and he was very happy and contented.

Now it happened there was a wicked man at the court of the king. He envied Peasant Truth and wished to rob him of his business. He talked to the king and told him the countryman was not really truthful. The king trusted the peasant. The wicked courtier then said that if the countryman did not lie on the next Saturday about the sheep, the king might cut off his head. The king agreed. After that the courtier went away to think how he could lead Peasant Truth into trouble. He could not think of anything good so he told his wife all about it. His wife was a very beautiful woman and she told her husband that she could manage it. She put on her finest robes and fastened a diamond star upon her forehead. Then she went out to the fields where Peasant Truth was watching his flock. When the countryman saw her he was very much surprised and charmed. The lady pretended to be in much trouble and the countryman promised to do anything for her. She told him, with tears, that she was starving and must have roasted mutton to eat. The peasant was sorry. He told her he could not kill any of the sheep because they belonged to the king. The lady wept and said she would die. Then the countryman killed the wether and roasted the meat for the beautiful lady.

After eating, the lady departed and Peasant Truth wor-

ried about the sheep he had killed. He thought the king would punish him. He thought how he could escape. He thought he would tell the king that the sheep had died. Then he thought he would say, a robber had stolen it, or a wolf had killed it. But these would not be true and Peasant Truth said he could not tell a lie. On Saturday he went to the palace to report about his little flock.

When the king asked him about the goat, the ram and the lamb, he said they were all well and frisky. But when he asked about the wether the peasant was very sorry and told the king he could not lie. He told him about the lady with the diamond star and how he had killed the wether for her to eat.

The king was pleased because the peasant would not lie. He forgave him and rewarded him. Peasant Truth was very glad that he had done right and was happy. The courtier failed to entrap the peasant and lost his foolish head.

GINEVRA.

Many years ago a wealthy man named Orsini, lived in a beautiful villa, near the city of Modena in Italy. Beautiful grounds surrounded his home and costly things filled the house. He had an only child, Ginevra, whose mother died when she was very young. Orsini loved his daughter very much. He watched over her carefully and never let her go away from him. She grew up beautiful, pure and good.

When she was very young she became a bride. She married Francesco Doria. He was an only son and her playmate from childhood. There were many guests at the wedding. The bride was gay and happy and danced with many. She became tired and in a fit of playfulness, ran away to hide. She ran away from her young husband, laughing and looking back. She hastened to the attic-rooms of the mansion where many old things were kept. In one corner there stood an old, curiously carved, oaken chest. It was very large and strong. Ginevra ran up to this chest and opened it. She sprang inside and closed the lid. Alas, poor Ginevra! There was a spring-lock and as the lid closed, it snapped fast. The beautiful bride was imprisoned forever.

In the large dining hall the wedding guests sat down to the bountiful feast. Here was Orsini and Francesco; Ginevra, alone was missing. All expected she would soon return. They waited, then they began to look about anxi-

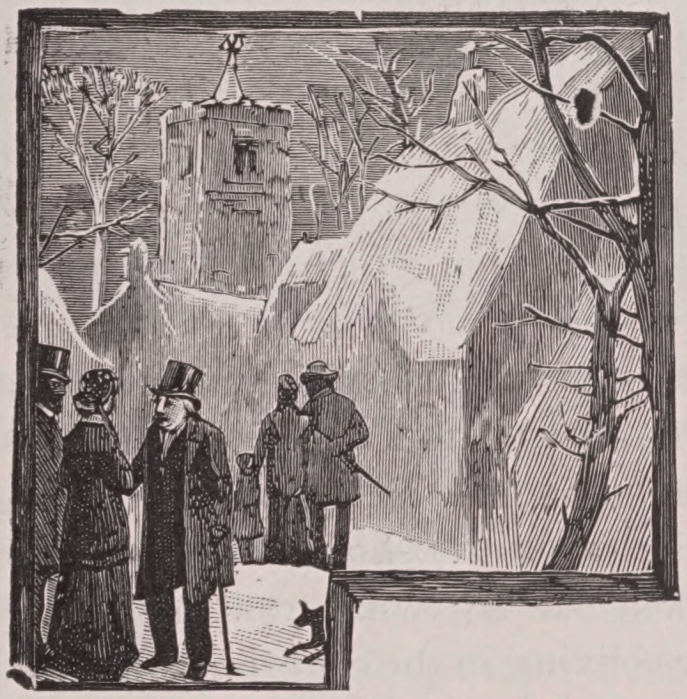
ously. Still Ginevra did not come. Fear and anxiety filled every heart. Orsini and Francesco searched everywhere for their loved one, but they never saw her again. The guests returned to their homes, sorrowful and sad. Francesco could not live without his bride. He went to the wars and flung his life away in battle. Orsini lived alone. His hair and beard grew long and white. Everyday he wandered sadly about his beautiful grounds and through the broad halls of his home. He seemed to be looking for some one. At last he died and his villa passed to strangers.

Many years had passed until one day some people who lived in Orsini's villa were in the upper rooms. Here they found many curious things stored away. At last they came to the large carved chest in a dark corner. They wondered what was in it. They moved it out to the light. It was old and worm-eaten. It was easily opened and the people were startled to find a skeleton within it.

Among the bones they found a string of pearls, a wedding ring and a gold brooch with the name "Ginevra" engraved on it. Then they remembered the story of Ginevra and knew what had become of her.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Frank Lollard was an only child. His parents lived in a large city and he got almost everything he desired except that he did not get to play very much. His mamma's parlor was large, but it was full of costly furniture and pretty things. He did not like to go there for he was always afraid of breaking something, and when visitors came, he had to sit very still. His uncle Ben also lived in a fine home in the city and Frank often went there to see his cousins but the yard was so full of flowers and shrubbery that they could not romp as they would like. His uncle Tom, however, lived in the country on a large farm near the village where his grandpa lived, before he was born. His mamma often told him about this village. The streets were narrow and crooked and the houses were low and odd looking. She told him the old church with its low square tower was the most important building in the place. All the people went to church there, no matter if the snow was deep and the weather cold. There were no stay-at-homes.



Frank often thought he would like to see this strange

village and visit his country cousins. He thought, though, it must be very lonesome and dull in the country. He felt sorry for his country cousins—there were six of them—because he thought they never had much fun. It was not long till he found out his mistake.

About a week before Christmas Mr. Lollard received a letter from uncle Tom, inviting them all to spend Christmas and the holiday week on the farm. Uncle Ben received a similar invitation. Of course they all decided to go. Frank thought a whole week was a long time to stay in the country. He was afraid he would not enjoy it.

The city folks reached the farm the day before Christmas and were heartily welcomed by their country cousins. Altogether there was a big crowd of them and the fun soon began. Everything was strange to Frank. What big low rooms in the house! What a big yard and such a great barn! The snow lay deep on the ground but on the road it was tramped smooth and hard. They all went out to coast on the big sleds—what fun! They went to the barn and romped on the haymow—no danger of breaking anything and they could halloo and shout all they pleased without bringing the police to see what was the matter. Frank thought if this was living in the country it was not so bad after all.

That night there were ten pairs of stockings hung up on the mantels. Frank had never seen so many and he wondered if Santa Claus could fill them all. The next

morning his doubts were banished, for every stocking was full to overflowing with:

Goodies, toys, books and balls,
Sugar-plums, handkerchiefs and dolls.

At the sight of it all, what a shout went up. Frank was somewhat frightened and wondered if uncle Tom and aunt Nan wouldn't scold them all for making such a noise. Not a bit of it. Noise did not count in the country on Christmas and the children enjoyed their gifts to their heart's content.



After a late breakfast the children and their parents bundled into the great farm sled and drove to church in the village—the same church with the square tower that grandpa used to go to. Here the good man told them the story of the birth of Christ and that it was right for all to come and thank God for sending them a Saviour. Frank understood almost everything the preacher said and wondered why he could never understand the minister in the big church at home. After church they had a delightful ride in the country and got home just in time for the biggest dinner the city folks ever saw. What a turkey! Frank thought it must be an ostrich, it was so big. Then

at the other end of the table was a young pig roasted whole with a lemon in its mouth and a boquet in the curl of its tail. In the middle of the table was a great plum pudding, trimmed with holly leaves and red berries. Besides such mince and pumpkin pies and doughnuts and great red apples, Frank had never tasted or seen before.

After dinner they had more out-door sport, but it was in the evening, after the lamps were lighted that the best fun began. All assembled in the great parlor which was trimmed with mistletoe and holly, and played various games. The best game of all was blind-man's-buff. They had plenty of room to run in and such ducking, such dodging, such advances and retreats and such peals of laughter when one was caught, made the old folks wish they were young again. "Merry Christmas! Happy boys and girls!" exclaimed uncle Ben as he stood before the fire enjoying the fun of the youngsters. After blind-man's-buff they all sat down and told stories and riddles and cracked jokes and ate nuts and roasted apples until they were tired and sleepy. Then they went to bed and Christmas day was ended but it was long before it was forgotten.



Frank liked all his country cousins very much—they were all jolly and good-natured—but he liked his cousin,

Mildred, best of all. Mildred was deaf. She could not shout and talk, but she was bright and joyous. He thought it strange she could be so happy but he noticed that she was just as contented and full of fun as any of them. The next day Frank and Mildred took a stroll to the woods with her mamma. He liked to watch them talk with their fingers as you see in the picture. He could not understand a word they said but liked to see the nimble fingers fly. In a day or two he learned to spell himself and felt proud of being able to talk to Mildred. The week passed very rapidly and Frank was sorry when the time came to go home. He had thought it would be very dull in the country, but it turned out to be the happiest Christmas he had ever had. He invited Mildred and the rest to spend the next Christmas with him in the city.

Perhaps I may be able to tell you about that visit sometime.

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BOYS AND MONKEYS.

There was a man who owned a large orange plantation in the South.

When the oranges became ripe, he employed many small boys to pick them, wrap them in tissue paper and pack them in boxes.

One day a gentleman came to the grove with a monkey.

It was very funny. It watched the boys pick oranges for awhile, then it scampered up a tree very quickly, picked an orange, brought it down, wrapped it in paper and put it in a box and then grimaced at the boys. The owner of the orchard was amused. He thought monkeys might make good pickers and so he bought a dozen monkeys and taught them to pick oranges. For awhile they did very well but by and by they became very careless and lazy. They had to be watched all the time or they would play or quarrel among themselves. The overseer of the plantation did not watch the boys at work. They had good sense and knew what to do after being told. The monkeys were mischievous and foolish.

When the overseer's back was turned, they would stop working. Sometimes they would throw oranges at each other and spoil the fruit, or they would chase one another up and down the trees and shake the oranges off and so bruise them. When the overseer held a stick in his hand and watched them, they would be very good but they could not be watched all the time. The longer faithful boys remained in the orchard, the more useful they became for they learned all the time. When they grew up, some of them became orange growers themselves. But the longer the monkeys stayed the more troublesome they became until at last, they were of no use and had to be sent away altogether. They learned nothing more than they knew at first.

Now some boys are like the monkeys. They learn a little but do not improve. They do not like to work and

have to be watched and threatened like monkeys. They get into mischief and are quick to learn the foolish things they see other people do. In short, their minds do not grow and they soon become useless. Nobody wants to employ them and they are turned away and avoided. They are little better than chattering monkeys for they love to talk and talk about silly things all the time. A sensible boy likes to be busy and useful. He wants to learn useful things and improve his mind. His mind grows and he understands how to do things. He is not like the monkeys for he does better and better every day. Do not be a monkey, for it is only fit to be looked at and made fun of. Be a man.

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FOUR BROTHERS.

There were four brothers. Said the eldest, "I want to be useful and do some good in the world. I will make bricks for they are useful things, so I will be doing something."

The second brother would not make bricks. It was too humble. A machine could make them. He would be a bricklayer and become a master bricklayer in time. He thought that was something better than making bricks.

"The master bricklayer is nothing much," said the third brother. You will only be counted among common men.

I will be an architect and people will think I am smart. *That is something.*"

The fourth brother turned up his nose at the humble occupations of his elder brothers. He would not be so low. They were only drudges. He would be something grander. He would stand back and watch the others work. He would point out their defects and lack of sense. He would be a *critic.* Said he "In every work there is something that is not right. I will find that out and find fault with it. That will be doing something real."

Time passed. The brothers pursued, each, his chosen course. The fourth brother kept his word and found fault with every one. He did no useful work himself but he was always busy with the work of others. Nothing was done right. He was eloquent. People said of him, "He has a great head but he does nothing."

The eldest brother was humble but very busy. He made enough bricks to build rows and rows of houses. He fed and clothed his family and had something left for the poor. There were many broken bricks and these were useful too, for he gave them to a poor widow who lived on the bank above the sea. Of them she built her hut and was happy.

The bricklayer employed many artisans and built one house after another until he had built a whole street. This brother lived in a fine house and the working people flattered him. When he died he was forgotten.

The third brother, the architect, lived in the finest house on the street which his brother had built. The

street was named after him. When he died he left his name but only in paint on the corners of the street.

The critic outlived them all and he had the last word to say. At last he, too, died and his soul ascended to the gates of Paradise. There he met the soul of the poor widow who had lived by the sea. Said the critic, "What have you done and why are you here?"

Just then the gates of heaven opened and the angel led the poor woman in. To the critic he said, "What dost thou bring? In all thy life thou hast not made as much as a single brick. I can do nothing for thee."

Then the old dame spoke for him, "For the sake of his brother who gave me the broken bricks, mayst he not be admitted?" Then the angel said, "For the sake of thy brother, whose honest labor seemed most humble to thee, thou mayest have hope of heaven. But thou shalt not be admitted until thou hast done *something*.

"I could have said that in finer words," thought the critic, but he did not find fault aloud. That to him was *something*.

THE STORY OF PAUL.

Jesus was crucified, buried and rose from the dead. He appeared unto his disciples and then ascended into heaven. After that his disciples boldly preached Christ, the Savior. The Jewish high priest and others opposed them. The disciples were persecuted. Stephen, a good man, was stoned to death. A young man who witnessed this murder was Saul of Tarsus. He was afterwards called Paul. Paul was learned in all the teachings and laws of the Jews. He encouraged the persecution of the Christians. He went from place to place to hurt those who dared to speak for Jesus.

There were some disciples of Jesus in Damascus. Thither Paul went to bind them and put them in prison. When he drew nigh unto the city, suddenly a great light shone about him and he fell on his face upon the ground. He heard a voice from heaven calling his name. He knew it was the voice of Jesus. He was blind, so he asked Jesus what he should do. Then the Lord told him to rise and go into the city of Damascus. Then his friends led him into the city, to the house of Judas. Then Ananias, a disciple of Jesus, being led by the spirit, prayed for Paul and he received his sight again and was baptized. Then Paul went into the synagogue and talked about Jesus. He proved that he was indeed the Christ. The Jews were astonished and angry because Paul had become a Christian. They wished to kill him, but his friends took him and let him down in a basket over the walls of Damascus

and he escaped and went back to Jerusalem. He was very brave and preached for Jesus. The Jews in Jerusalem were surprised at first, then they were very angry and tried to kill Paul, but he escaped.

Paul was very wise and eloquent. He talked to the people and many believed and became Christians. He went away from Jerusalem to other cities and taught the people about Jesus. He was the first Christian missionary. He went to Antioch, Philippi, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth and other cities. Some people believed him while others mocked. At Lystra Paul healed a cripple and the simple people would have worshipped him but he rebuked them. The Jews from other places followed him to Lystra and stirred up the people against him. Then they stoned him and drove him away. At Philippi Paul and his companions were cast into prison but during the night an angel opened the prison doors and a great light shone about. The jailor supposed his prisoners had escaped and would have killed himself for he feared the Roman governor. But Paul called to him and told him they were still there. Paul talked to the jailor and he believed in Jesus, and he and his family became Christians.

Another time when Paul was at Troas he preached all night in an upper chamber. During the night a man named Eutychus, being very sleepy, fell out of the window. His friends said that he was dead, but Paul went down and restored him to life again. And many people saw and believed.

Paul returned to Jerusalem against the wishes of his friends. Here his enemies seized on him and would have killed him but the Roman centurion rescued him and



sent him to Cæsarea, to the governor, Felix. He remained in prison at Cæsarea two years. He was bound with chains. At last King Agrippa and Bernice visited Cæsarea and desired to see Paul. Paul stood up with the chains on his arms and talked to them. He told them about

Jesus and himself and how he had been converted. King Agrippa said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Paul wished that the king was indeed a Christian like himself but without the chains.

Paul had desired to be sent to Rome, so in charge of some Roman soldiers, he was sent thither. They sailed from Cæsarea to Crete and other places. On the voyage they encountered a terrible storm. They cast overboard many things to lighten the ship. At last they ran the ship aground on the island of Mileta. The soldiers wanted to kill Paul and the other prisoners for fear they would escape, but Paul persuaded them not to do so. Then all on board swam ashore. It was cold and chilly, so they gathered up dry fagots and made a fire. As they stood about the fire a viper sprang out and seized on Paul's hand. The people were surprised. They expected to see him fall down and die from poison. But Paul shook the viper off into the fire and felt no harm. The people wondered.

After three months they sailed in another vessel to Rome. Paul lived for two years in his own hired house in Rome but he was a prisoner and could not go away. He wrote letters to his friends in Asia and encouraged them. He taught the people in Rome about Jesus and many believed and became Christians.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

The Great Civil War took place thirty-five years ago. This war was between the people of the North and the people of the South in the United States. It was on account of slavery. The people of the North did not keep slaves but the people of the South did. They had a great many negro slaves. The negroes worked on the large plantations of the South and raised cotton, tobacco, rice and other things. The owners of the slaves did not pay them for their work, but they gave them cabins to sleep in and food and clothes to wear. Sometimes these slaves were kindly treated and sometimes they were not. The people of the North thought it was wrong to keep slaves and they thought the people of the South were very cruel to the negroes. They began to talk against slavery. They said the negroes should be free because they were "God's creatures."

This made the Southern people very angry. They wanted more slaves and they tried to take slaves further West. To this the Northern people would not consent.

At last the people of the South declared they would break up the Union and make a new nation of their own in the South. Several states seceded and began to make laws of their own and govern themselves. They called their new country, "The Confederate States of America."

Abraham Lincoln, who became president soon after this sent soldiers to the South to make the people obey the laws

of the United States, but the people resisted. So the Great Civil War began.

This war lasted nearly five years. It was the most terrible war that had ever occurred. Thousands and thousands of soldiers were killed in battle. Many other thousands died of wounds and sickness. Others died in prison. During the war the bodies of the dead soldiers were sent home and buried in the cemeteries all over the Northern and Eastern states as well as in those of the South. Almost every city or town east of the Missouri has a soldiers' cemetery.

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YELLOW HAIR AND BLUE EYES.

There was once a little boy whose name was Tommy Fane. He had a little sister who was only four months old. Tommy loved his little sister very much, but he would have loved her more if she had had yellow hair and blue eyes. Her hair and eyes were black like Tommy's. Tommy did not like black hair and black eyes. He thought it would be very nice if he had a sister with yellow hair and blue eyes. There was a new house across the street from where Tommy lived. One day a family moved into it. While the people were moving things up stairs Tommy walked into the house to look around. The first thing he saw was a cradle. In the cradle lay a lovely baby with yellow hair and blue eyes. When Tommy saw the baby he

said, "Oh dear! I wish our baby looked like this." Then he wondered if his mother would not rather have this baby than her own. He stood admiring the baby awhile, then he lifted it from the cradle. It was so heavy he could hardly carry it. He held it tight and took it home and put it in his sister's cradle. Then he carried his little sister over to the other house. In a little while the mother of the yellow-haired baby came to take it up stairs. When she looked into the cradle, she saw it was not her own baby lying there. She was very much frightened and thought somebody had stolen her baby. She took up the baby and ran across the street to tell somebody what had happened. She did not know Tommy's mother but she walked right into the house forgetting to knock at the door. There she saw Tommy showing his mother the new little sister with yellow hair. The strange lady was very glad to get back her baby and so was Tommy's mother. Both mothers cried a little at first, but they laughed when Tommy explained to them why he had changed the babies. They did not scold Tommy for they knew he had not meant to do wrong. They were sorry he had made so much trouble.

JOB.

Job was a good man who lived long ago. He lived long before Jesus came to be our Saviour. Job loved God and tried to do what was right. God loved him and blessed him. Job was very rich and prosperous. He had seven sons and three daughters. He had large herds of cattle. He owned seven thousand sheep, one thousand oxen, three thousand camels and five hundred asses. He had a great many servants who took care of his flocks and waited on him.

Now Satan did not like Job because he served God faithfully. Satan said that Job was good for pay, and if God took away his riches he would become wicked and curse God. God did not believe this, so He let Satan take away his wealth. Now much trouble came to Job. In one day all his sons and daughters were killed in their house which the wind blew down. Robbers stole his oxen and asses and killed his servants. A terrible fire from heaven burned up his sheep while another band of robbers drove his camels away. So in one brief day Job became a poor man. He grieved for his sons and daughters but he did not complain. He loved and served God faithfully.

Then more trouble fell upon Job. A dreadful disease seized upon him. He had painful boils all over his body. He suffered greatly. He scraped himself and lay down in the ashes and dust. When Job's wife saw his suffer-

ing she told him he should curse God and die. But Job reproved her and said she was a foolish woman. Job still trusted God but he could not understand why He let so much trouble come upon him.

Job had three friends. Their names were Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar. They talked to him about his troubles. They told him he had done something very wicked, and God was punishing him. They found fault with him and did not comfort him. Job told them he had done nothing wrong. He said God meant to teach him something but he could not understand it. He longed to see God, and because he suffered greatly, he wished to die. He complained because he thought God had forsaken him.

At last Satan saw that Job could not be tempted to forsake his God so he left him. Then God pitied Job and spoke to him out of a whirlwind. Now Job saw that he had been very foolish to complain. He asked God to forgive him and make him better. God blessed him more than at first. He became very rich again and had more sons and daughters. He had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, two thousand oxen and one thousand asses. After this Job lived one hundred and forty years, so that when he died he was very old.

DECORATION DAY.

For many years it has been the custom of the veterans of the Civil War and their friends to meet on May 30 of each year and proceed with bands of music and flowers to the cemeteries and decorate the graves of the fallen heroes.

This beautiful custom of strewing flowers on the graves of the dead, it is said, originated with the ladies of the South. During the war it was their custom to place flowers on the graves of Confederate soldiers. From them it was adopted by the people of the North. In 1868, Gen. Logan, who was then commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, appointed May 30 for Decoration Day, because, it is supposed, the last soldier who enlisted for the war, was discharged on that day.

"The everlasting peace of God
Has wrapped the heroes round;
The winds breathe low, the daisies blow
Above each soldier's wound.

The children seek in fields and wood
The pale buds of the May,
And white-haired matrons cull the flowers
For this Memorial Day."

SAVED BY SHEEP.

In the far west, snow storms often occur. Sometimes the snow falls so fast and thick that people cannot see far through it. Sometimes people get lost in the snow and freeze to death. Houses are far apart and there is nothing to guide one through the snow.

Little Nellie Logan lived in Idaho. She was about six years old. She attended school which was some distance from her home. On Monday, Nov. 14, 1892, Nellie started to school. She carried her dinner in a small lunch basket and her little dog accompanied her. Soon after she left home it began to snow very hard. The wind blew and soon the path was covered up. Nellie could not see far through the fast-falling snow and by and by lost her way.

By noon she had not reached the school-house and her friends knew she was lost in the snow. A search for her was commenced at once. Parties of white men and Indians wandered over the snow-clad hills day and night hoping to find her. Her friends did not expect to find her alive, but they hoped to find her body. On Wednesday her little dog was found frozen stiff. Still the search for Nellie was continued. At last, on Saturday, the little wanderer was found alive and well, but very weak.

She was found with a dozen fleecy sheep in an old stock shed. She had snuggled in among the sheep and so escaped death by freezing. Nellie told her friends that on

Monday, while she was wandering about in the snow, she had heard the sheep bleating and went to them. Her friends were glad, indeed, to find her alive. They took good care of her and soon she got strong and hearty again. It was a wonderful escape.

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DINING-ROOM TALK.

The dining-room was closed and the curtains drawn down. The chairs were in their accustomed places and the table presented its usual tidy appearance.

Everything was quiet and the clock on the mantel was humming its usual song, "Tick-tock, tick-tock."

All at once a deep sigh was heard from one corner and all looked in the direction and saw the head chair leaning forward as if in pain and a groan followed the sigh.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the table, fluttering its white covering in an important manner.

"Matter enough," replied the chair. "I am sick and weary of this hard, monotonous life."

"That is what I say," piped one of the smaller chairs and all the rest echoed its words.

"Ah," sighed the head chair, "This life is almost unendurable."

"Well," inquired the table, "what special trials of life have you that others have not, I should like to know?"

"Trials! yes, trials indeed!" exclaimed the chair. "Am not I and all my kindred constantly sat down upon? Are we not constantly held down and ground under burdens almost beyond our strength. Have not many of us actually broken down with the loads piled upon us. But it is not the burdens alone that we have to bear. We are pushed and kicked about in a manner to bring the blush of shame upon us. It is bad enough to be constantly supporting those creatures who go about on two legs, but when, as it often happens, one of them who weighs two or three hundred pounds, flops down upon us we are nearly crushed with the weight. Is it any wonder we groan audibly and shrink from such trials? If these creatures would only sit still when they are on us it would not be so bad, but when they wiggle about and push back and compel us to stand on two legs, or rock back and forth so we are kept jumping up and down, it fairly racks our frame. It almost breaks our back and makes all our joints crack."

Here a sigh passed among the chairs as they were thus reminded of the terrible strain they had all been subject to one time or another.

"All that is bad enough," replied the table, "but it is nothing to what I have to endure."

"What burdens can you have?" inquired the head chair still leaning forward. "You are treated with respect. You keep your place in the middle of the room. You are always kept nicely covered up and everything has to

move around you and those two legged creatures bow down to you as if in worship. Yours seems to be an easy life indeed."

"Ah! listen," replied the table, "and I will show you what I have to endure."

"In the first place my cover, which you seem to think so nice, is a burden, for it covers me up so I can hardly breathe. I am often seized by the head and foot and stretched out until I am on the point of breaking in two. Then the maid brings in the roast and places it square on my head and right beside it, she places a huge pile of plates."

"On my foot there is another pile of plates and other dishes, so with these weights I can move neither head nor foot. Besides this a row of plates and dishes are ranged along my sides and piled upon my back and some of them are so hot as to raise huge blisters on my delicate skin. Added to all these my little masters sit about me and jab me in the sides with their forks and spill hot tea and gravy upon me and I cannot raise the cover to cool the burns. My legs are often kicked and the skin knocked off. Now are not all these worse burdens than you have to bear?"

"No, no," replied the head chair, "I have not told you all by any means. Sometimes we are thrown down by Sarah, the maid, with such violence that we bump our heads very hard on the floor. And only the other day when the nurse was out at the corner talking to Bobby, the policeman, master Tommy came in and pulled me

down upon my knees, tied a leather thong around my ears for reins and then climbed upon my back and beat me with a cane. My ribs were almost broken and my back was terribly scratched. For this I was consoled, however, for when the nurse came in she shook Tommy real hard and took him away to the nursery."

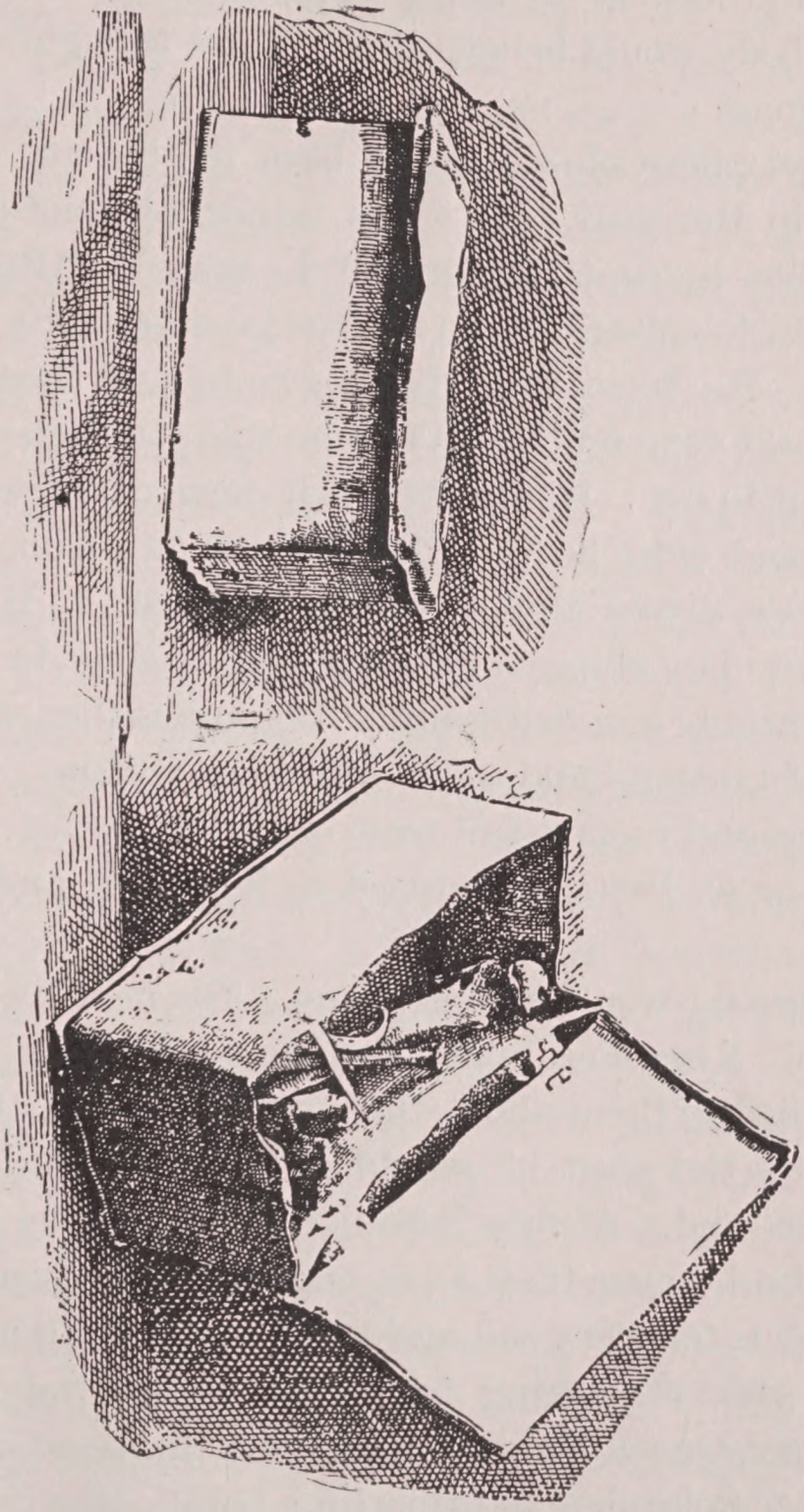
"Tut, Tut," said the clock. "All this talk will not help you nor make your burdens lighter. Every one has his work to do and the best way is to be patient and keep pegging away, as I do."

Saying this the clock struck six and the chairs and the table became very quiet and looked very grave as the dining-room maid came in, let in the sunlight and prepared for tea. She never suspected that a mutiny had almost taken place.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Four hundred years ago the people who lived in Europe did not know very much about the world. They thought the earth was flat. They tnought if men sailed far out on the ocean they would fall off. They believed that many terrible monsters lived in the ocean. They would not sail far away from land. Christopher Columbus was wise. He thought the world was round like a ball. He knew he could sail across the ocean. He believed if he



COFFIN OF LEAD DISCOVERED IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. DOMINGO.
(In which was found what was believed to be the remains of Columbus.)

sailed to the west for many days, he would come to land, but nobody would believe him. They thought he was a crazy man.

Christopher Columbus was born in the city of Genoa, Italy, in the year 1435. His father was not a wealthy man, but he sent Christopher to school. Afterward he sent him to college where he studied astronomy and geography. He liked to study geography and thought about the world very much. When he was fourteen years old, he went to sea. He liked to visit new countries. When he became older he thought very much about sailing to the west across the ocean from Europe. He had no money to buy ships so he asked his friends to help him but they only laughed at him. Columbus then went to the king of Portugal and asked him to assist him. He wanted ships and men to sail west on a voyage of discovery. The king of Portugal refused to help him and deceived him.

Columbus would not give up. He next went to the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. He talked to them about the world and told them if he sailed to the west he would not fall off the world but come to land. At first Ferdinand and Isabella refused to help him because they were engaged in expensive wars. Columbus felt very sad and went away. He intended to go to some other king for assistance. After Columbus had gone, Queen Isabella repented. She sent a messenger after Columbus to bring him back. She promised to help him. She gave him three ships and enough men and

money to make a voyage to the west. Columbus was now very happy. He hastened to get ready to sail. At last on the 3rd of August, 1492, he set sail from Spain in three ships, named the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina.

During the voyage Columbus had much trouble with his sailors. They became afraid and wanted to go back. They thought they would be lost. Columbus persuaded them to go on. At last on the 12th of October, 1492, they came in sight of land. Columbus and the sailors were very happy. They thanked God for preserving them. The next day they landed in the New World. They thought it was India. The island on which they landed was called San Salvador. They saw many strange things there. The plants and trees were not like those in Europe. They saw many strange people, too. They were nearly naked and were of a copper color. Columbus called them Indians because he thought he was in the country of India. The Indians were kind and friendly but they were afraid of the Europeans at first. After a time Columbus sailed back to Europe. He took many strange things with him to show to Ferdinand and Isabella.

He reached Spain in safety and the people were surprised and glad to see him. They thought Columbus was very wise and many people now wanted to go to the new land. The king and queen gave many presents to Columbus and made him governor of the new country. Columbus made three voyages to the New World, but he had many enemies. His enemies deceived good Queen Isabella and she allowed them to put chains on him and

throw him into prison. Afterward Columbus was pardoned and released from prison, but he felt very badly about the way he had been treated.

He became very poor and died on the 20th of May in the year 1506.

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RAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBER.

There is an old story which tells about Rampsinitus who lived long, long ago. Rampsinitus was a rich, covetous king who possessed great treasures of gold and precious stones.

He feared robbers, so he had a secret chamber built. Here he stored his treasures.

Now, as the story goes, the builder of this secret chamber was a dishonest man. He placed in one of the walls, a large stone that would slide in and out. No one could detect this sliding stone but himself.

As time passed the dishonest builder often removed this sliding stone, crept into the secret chamber and carried off gold and precious stones. At last he lay on his death-bed. Then he called his two sons and told them his secret. After that he died.

The sons found the sliding stone and often robbed Rampsinitus's treasury. Finally the king noticed that much gold and many precious stones were missing. He wondered how the robber could get into his secret chamber

for the doors were bolted and barred. He determined to try to catch the thief so he set a strong trap among his bags of gold and diamonds in the treasury.

That night the robbers came to get more gold. One robber went into the secret chamber and as he walked about he has suddenly caught in the trap.

He could not get out for the trap was very strong. His brother, outside, heard the trap snap and went to see what was wrong. He found his brother sitting in the trap. He could not get him out. Then the robber who was fast in the trap told his brother to cut off his head and carry it away. The brother did not wish to do this but he saw if he did not, the king would capture them both and put them to death. So he drew his sword and cut off his brother's head. He left the body in the trap and carried the head away with him.

The next morning the king came into his treasury and found the headless robber in the trap. He was astonished. He could not tell who the robber was because his head was gone. He called his officers and detectives and ordered them to search for the robber that had escaped. They searched long but they could not find the robber. The king was furious. He ordered the body of the robber who was caught in the trap, to be thrown out upon the street. He ordered a band of soldiers to guard it and watch the people who came to see it. He thought the robber's friends would betray themselves by their looks. The robber's brother, however, knew what the king meant so he made no sign, and the soldiers did not suspect him.

At last the robber determined to steal his brother's body away from the soldiers and bury it. He was smart. He got several asses and wine-skins. He filled the skins with wine and placed them upon the asses. He pierced the skins here and there so that the wine ran out. He drove ten asses along the street past the soldiers guarding his brother's body. When the soldiers saw the wine flowing from the wine-skins, they ran with cups to catch the wine. They drank it. The robber pretended to be very angry with them. He tried to drive them away but they kept on drinking the wine. At last they could drink no more. They soon became drunk. They lay down and went to sleep. When it was dark the robber came and carried away his brother's body.

The next morning Rampsinitus found that the body had been stolen away. He was very angry but he thought the robber was very smart and cunning. He wished very much to catch him. Finally the king called the princess, his daughter, and bade her prepare a party. He told her when the people came to the party, she should promise five kisses, if they would tell the most clever things they had ever done. The princess consented. She prepared the party and many came.

The robber came but he suspected that the king was trying to catch him. He was very careful. At last the princess called the robber into her room and he told her the smartest thing he ever did was to steal his brother's body from the soldiers and carry it away. Then the princess knew that this was the robber whom the king wished to

capture. She seized his hand and screamed for help. The robber gave his arm a jerk and ran away leaving the hand which the princess held. It was a false hand. When the king and his officers came to the princess, the robber was gone. Rampsinitus was outwitted again.

He was very much surprised at the robber's cunning. He declared before all the people that he would pardon the robber and give him his daughter, the princess, for a wife if he would show himself. Then the robber came forth and claimed his bride. He robbed no more and lived in peace with the king.

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ISSA.

Thibet is in Asia, north of India. The people who live there are Buddhists. They worship Buddha, who lived and taught the people long before Jesus came to be our Saviour. The priests of Buddha are called Llamas. They live in the temples of Buddha and also in monasteries.

Not long ago a noted Russian traveller, named Nicholas Natovitch, was traveling in the mountains of Thibet. One day he had the misfortune to break his leg. He was carried to a Buddhist monastery and taken care of by the Llama in charge. While the traveller was at the monastery he learned that they had a very old story, in

their own language of the life of Christ. This was the Buddhist account of Jesus. Mr. Natovich tried very hard to buy the manuscript but the Llama would not sell at any price. He, however, allowed Mr. Natovich to have a translation of it. The Buddhists call Christ the prophet Issa, and this is the way they tell the story:

Issa was born of Israel parents who were poor but very



pious. They were unfortunate in life but they never doubted God's goodness. From his childhood Issa preached *one* God. He never married. At the age of thirteen, he fled from his father's house and went with some merchants to Sindah. When he was fourteen years old, he lived with the Arians in India. The people were Brahmins. They worshipped Para Brahma. Issa rebuked them and told them that their god Brahma and their holy

book Veda were not divine. After this Issa learned the Pali language and all the mysteries of Buddhism. Then he went westward and preached against idols. He was twenty-nine years old when he returned to Judea. He began to preach and became very popular. The people liked him. Pontius Pilate, the ruler of Judea, was alarmed. Pilate commanded the priests and wise men to try Issa. The court examined Issa and decided that he was innocent of any wrong.

Issa continued to preach to the people. He told them to obey Cæsar and to respect all womankind. Pilate set spies to watch Issa. The spies reported that great multitudes assembled to hear him preach. The governor was alarmed. He thought Issa was trying to become ruler of Judea in his place. So Pilate caused him to be put in prison and tortured. He also had him tried before the Sanhedrim, the Jewish court. Two thieves betrayed Issa and told lies about him in order to please Pilate. One of the thieves said that Issa claimed to be the king of Israel. Issa blessed this man and told him he should be forgiven because his words came not from the heart. Issa then told Pilate he was able to condemn an innocent man without bribing thieves to lie. This made Pilate very angry and he ordered that Issa be put to death on the cross.

The judges told Pilate that Issa was innocent and it was a great sin to condemn him. Then the priests and wise men went out and washed their hands in a holy ves sel, saying, "We are innocent of the death of a just man." Issa and two thieves were crucified. They were placed in

their tombs, but on the third day Issa's sepulchre was found to be open and empty.

And this is the story of Christ as told by the Buddhists in Thibet.

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QUEEN ISABELLA.

Queen Isabella of Spain was one of the best sovereigns Europe has ever had. She was wise, brave, generous and just. She was greatly loved by her people and honored by other sovereigns. She was born on the 23rd of April, 1451. Her brother, Henry IV., was king of Castile and when he died in 1474, she became queen. Isabella married Prince Ferdinand, whose father, John II., was king of Aragon. John II. died and Ferdinand became king in 1474. The kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were then united and Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand ruled together.

Long before Ferdinand and Isabella became King and Queen, the Moors had taken possession of the southern part of Spain. The Moors were dark people from Africa. They were not Christians. They built many large cities and palaces. They built the Alhambra in Granada which was thought to be the most beautiful palace in the world. The Moors had lived in Spain about eight hundred years. The Spaniards could not drive them out. Their cities were strong with walls around them.

Ferdinand and Isabella determined to drive the Moors back into Africa. In 1481 they began a war against the Moors. Queen Isabella wore a complete suit of armor and rode at the head of her army. They defeated the Moors in many battles, but the war was very expensive and the treasury of the king and queen was almost empty. About this time Columbus came to Spain, seeking assistance to make a voyage to the west. He was introduced to King Ferdinand and explained his plans, but Ferdinand, being rather dull and stingy, refused to help him. He said that he had no money to spend on such things. Columbus was disappointed but his friends went to Isabella and explained his plans to her. She was pleased but she did not like to give him money and ships because the war with the Moors was so expensive. At last the army of Ferdinand and Isabella captured the city of Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors and they were driven out of Spain.

Afterward Queen Isabella began to think she had not treated Columbus right, so she sent for him again. She promised to help him. She gave him money and ships. She was wiser than her husband who did not want to assist Columbus.

Afterward when Columbus had discovered the New World, Isabella told him he must be kind to the Indians and teach them about God and Jesus. Columbus did not do this. He treated them cruelly and sent many of them to Spain as slaves. Isabella was displeased. She sent the Indians back to their homes and reproved Columbus for his cruelty. She was good and kind. She did not want the Indians to be treated unjustly.

Queen Isabella had her own troubles too. Her son, Prince Juan, died and her daughter, Juana, lost her reason so that she did not know what she was doing. These things grieved good Isabella very much. But in all her trouble and grief she did not forget Columbus. She helped him all she could. She died when she was 53 years old. She was a beautiful woman, a wise sovereign, a good wife and a loving mother. Her suit of armor is yet preserved in Spain and beautiful monuments have been built to honor her memory.

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THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A lark had made her nest in a field of grain. She had young ones in the nest and the grain was almost ripe. The lark was fearful lest the owner would come and cut the grain before her birdlings were old enough to fly away. Every day when the lark went away to get food for her young ones, she strictly charged them to report to her what they might hear the farmer say about the grain. One morning the farmer and his son came to the field to look at the grain. The young larks heard the farmer say, "This grain is now ripe. Go to our friends and neighbors and tell them to come, help us reap it." When the old lark returned, the young ones, in much fear, reported what they had heard. They begged their mother to remove

them at once. But the lark replied, "Do not fear. The grain will not be reaped tomorrow, if the owner depends on his friends and neighbors."

The next morning the farmer and his son came to the field but nobody came to help them. Then the father said to his son, "Our friends and neighbors have not come to help us. Now go to your uncles and cousins and tell them to come and help us reap our grain." Then the little larks were much frightened indeed. They told the old lark what they had heard and begged her to remove them quickly. But again the mother quieted them and said, "If the owner depends on his kinsfolk and relations the grain will not be cut tomorrow." She bade them be very careful what they heard the next time. The next morning the farmer and his son came to the field again but no one came to help them cut the grain. The man was disappointed. He said to his boy, "Get two good sickles and we will cut the grain ourselves tomorrow."

Again the young larks reported to the old lark, who replied, "Now indeed, we must move for when a man decides to do his own work it will be done." So the old lark moved her young ones to a place of safety and the farmer and his son cut down all the grain.

This story teaches us that we must not depend too much on others. It teaches us it is best to do our own work when we can. If we want to get rich we must work for ourselves. If we want wisdom we must study and think for ourselves.

THE GRATEFUL DOG.

There was a little girl whose home was in Rome, Italy. She was about ten years old. She was a kind-hearted girl and always treated dumb animals kindly. Near her home, she often met a half-starved dog. This dog was not beautiful, nor was he clean, but the little girl pitied him because he had been treated unkindly and could not



get enough to eat. She fed him with crumbs from her lunch and caressed him. The dog seemed to appreciate her kindness.

One day the little girl was playing on a bridge which crossed the Tiber river. She was careless and fell from the bridge into the water. Many people saw her fall, but they could not help her. They ran about on the bridge. The policemen who saw her, were afraid to go into the

water to save the girl, and she would surely be drowned.

Suddenly a lean, yellow dog came barking to the river. He sprang into the water and swam out to the girl. He seized her dress and drew her to the shore. When he saw that she was safe he jumped about and barked loudly. He licked the girl's face and hands and showed that he was very glad. It was the dog which the little girl had fed and treated kindly. He remembered her and saved her life. He was a grateful dog.

It always pays to treat animals kindly.

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THE MILLER AND HIS DONKEY.

Once upon a time there was a miller. He lived long ago, but it does not matter where. He was not a very smart man but he was industrious and frugal. He worked hard in his mill and saved all he could. By and by he had saved enough to own a donkey. The animal was good and strong, and the miller thought he would sell it and get some money. There was a fair in the city some distance from the miller's home. He concluded to take the donkey there and sell it. One bright morning he started to the fair with the animal and his son. They did not ride. The father and son walked along the road and the donkey walked between them. As they trudged along the dusty road they met a company of gay, young



men. They were laughing and talking. They noticed the miller and his son walking and leading the donkey. They laughed and made fun of the miller because neither he nor his son rode. They asked him why one of them did not get on and ride. Then the son quickly sprang upon the beast and rode while his father walked by his side.

A little further on they met some old merchants. They reproved the son who was riding. They called him a lazy lout because he did not walk and let his poor old father ride. Then the miller made the boy get off and he himself mounted the donkey. They travelled thus a little piece further and met a bevy of young girls. "What a shame!" exclaimed they, "that such a big, strong man should ride and make his poor boy walk." They asked the miller why he did not let his son ride. Then the miller thought he would please the girls and told the boy to get up behind him. So both rode the donkey and made a pretty heavy load for it.

Now they met many people on the road who noticed the two persons riding the little animal. They thought they were cruel and called them brutes. They said they ought to be ashamed of themselves. At last the miller and his son both got off. Then, thinking to please the people, they took up the donkey and carried it along on their shoulders. They thought the people would think they were kind. But now the people laughed and shouted. It was very funny to see the miller and his son carrying the donkey. They said the miller had a very

funny pet. They wanted to know if he kept his pet in the parlor and if it was made of glass. The people asked many other funny questions. At last the miller and his son became angry and threw the donkey off their shoulders. The miller said he had tried to please every one but could not. Now he would please himself and do as he thought proper. After that he got along very well and the people did not find fault with him any more.

This story teaches us that we cannot please everybody. We should do what is right and let people think as they please.

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FATHER PUMPKIN.

In Cairo there lived a worthy Mohammedan. He was industrious and frugal but extremely poor. He tried his best to support his family in plenty but he never succeeded. At last he began to complain saying, "However I may toil and plan, the wolf is ever howling at my door." He saw that thieves and rascals always prospered so he began to doubt the justice of Providence. He talked to his wife, Fatama, and grumbling said, "Mohammed is Allah's prophet, but what has Mohammed done to help boil my kettle, I would like to know. The thieves fare better and I am inclined to follow their business henceforth."

"Dog of an Arab!" cried his pious wife, "would you steal to better your means, and hasten Allah's vengeance?" She bade him arouse for shame and cease repining at his fate. She told him he must go the Bazaar and take with him pen, paper and a book. She said he must sit in a corner, and look grave and solemn. He must read his book and make mystic scrawls upon his paper. He must pretend to be a wise and learned sheik, then people would flock to him to purchase his advice. The man thought this might be a good plan. So his wife took a hollow pumpkin and placed it upon her husband's head. It made him look odd and grave. Then she bade him go off to the Bazaar and do as she had told him.

The man obeyed his wife and going to the Bazaar selected a quiet nook. There he sat and pored over his book with many a grimace and mystic look. Soon a customer appeared. It was a peasant in much distress. He said, "Good Father Pumpkin, I have lost my ass. You surely can tell me where to find him." Now the man was much puzzled. He knew nothing about the ass and he began to scold Fatama for sending him there. At last, in despair, he told the peasant to go to the grave-yard for his ass. The peasant went there and found his ass. He was delighted. He returned and paid the sheik well. Father Pumpkin was surprised also, but he was glad. With his money he hastened home. He thought he had a wise wife.

Next morning Father Pumpkin hastened to his post. Many persons had heard of him and each of them had

lost something and wanted him to help them find it. One had lost some money, another some silk, and another a lover. With solemn face the sheik told each one where to find what was lost. All turned out according to his advice. Thus it continued for many days and Father Pumpkin became famous and rich. He was afraid, however, his luck might desert him, so he spoke to Fatama and said, "We are now rich and I shall quit my place in the Bazaar for we can now live without more work." Just then a messenger from the Sultan arrived. He told the sheik that the Sultan had been robbed of all his costly jewels. He had sent for the sheik to come to the capital and find the robbers. The messenger told Father Pumpkin if he could not find the robbers, he would lose his head. Now the man was very much frightened indeed. He cursed Fatama because she had gotten him into trouble but he could not help it and had to go along with the messenger to the Sultan. The Sultan gave the sheik seven days in which to find the robbers. Father Pumpkin was in sore distress. He was sure he would lose his head. He took seven white beans and decided to swallow one of them at the end of each day. So at sunset he took the first bean, swallowed it and said aloud, "There goes one." It happened that just then the leader of the band that stole the Sultan's jewels was passing by. He heard the sheik's remark and saw the uplifted hand. He was frightened and ran away as fast as he could fly. He told his companions that the cunning sheik had found him out. The next day the robbers sent another man

who walked past the sheik. Just then Father Pumpkin swallowed another bean and said, "There goes a second." The robber fled, amazed. The next night the robbers sent another man. As he walked past the sheik, he saw his hand raised and heard him say, "There goes a third." Each night the robbers sent a different man and each time the sheik swallowed a bean and said, "There goes another." So the robbers felt sure Father Pumpkin knew them all. They were in great fear. They took the jewels and went secretly to the sheik. They confessed their guilt. They gave him the jewels and asked him to forgive them. They promised that they would rob no more. Father Pumpkin was very glad to get the jewels. He made the robbers swear by the koran that they would sin no more. Then he sent for the Sultan and gave him the jewels. The Sultan was delighted to get his jewels again and gave the sheik money and presents. He also promised to give Father Pumpkin whatever favor he might choose. The happy sheik at once requested that a decree be published forbidding any one ever questioning him again of any matter, either great or small. It was done and Father Pumpkin returned home and spent the remainder of his life in peace and plenty.

A LITTLE SPARTAN.

Not long ago a little girl was hurt by a street car in Pittsburg. It happened she ran against the side of the car and was drawn under the rear wheels before the car could be stopped. She was pinioned under the heavy truck and was badly hurt but she did not scream or cry out. She bore the pain very heroically while they were getting her from under the wheels. When they got her out, it was found that she was badly cut and bruised about the head and face, and one leg was almost cut off. She bore the pain as bravely as a Spartan and never made a complaint. While waiting for the ambulance she lay in the conductor's arms. She noticed the motor man's watch chain and asked for it. It was given to her. She held it in her hand and smiled. "Don't saw off my leg, doctor," she said, as soon as one came to help her. She was taken to the hospital where the doctors did all they could for her, but in the evening she died from her injuries. It was pathetic to witness how patiently she bore her suffering. Her name was Alma Beck, and she was ten years old.

A CUBAN AMAZON.

An amazon is a female soldier. Long ago there were whole armies of amazons. They made good soldiers and fought and conquered like men.

It is said, in Cuba many women fight with the Cubans against the Spaniards, and some are braver and fight better than the men. These Cuban amazons are colored women. Their limbs are strong and their tongues are sharp. They can use the machete, revolver, rifle or knife as well as the men. Their dress is very simple. Usually it is only one cotton garment without shoes or stockings.

Not long ago in a battle with the Spaniards a woman appeared in the front ranks of the Cubans and fought bravely. She fired her rifle as often and as accurately as the men. She was a tall, fine looking woman. By and by the Cubans began to retreat. They ran away and scattered among the trees and vines. The amazon did not run. She held her ground. She called on the fleeing Cubans to stay and fight like men, but they did not heed her. Then she taunted them and called them cowards. The Spaniards came closer and closer. The woman was alone. She stood with her back against a tree and determined to die, fighting for her country. She shouted "Long live free Cuba!" She loaded and fired her rifle at the Spaniards as fast as she could, and kept them back. After awhile her gun got out of order. She threw it down and drew her revolver. The Spaniards ran up closer, fir-

ing at her as they came. When they were near enough the brave woman cheered again and opened fire with her revolver. She kept on firing until she fell, pierced by several bullets. The enemy rushed upon her. As they did so, the wounded amazon raised herself upon her elbow and fired her last shot at the nearest soldier, killing him instantly. She then sank upon the ground and expired with a faint cheer upon her lips.

This woman was a real heroine and a patriot. She showed that a woman may die bravely for her country as well as a man. She gave the Cubans an example of courage that they might well imitate.

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ELENORE AND NERO.

Aunt Elsie had a little niece named Elenore. She was over two years old and had just began to lisp and prattle. She could say many cute things and all her uncles and aunts loved her very much. They thought a great deal of her.

At Christmas time Aunt Elsie went out to her old home in the country to spend Christmas. The folks prepared to have a good time with roast turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin and mince pies and doughnuts. They also trimmed a tree in the parlor. Little Elenore was there. She was the pet of every one.

At this house there was a large dog named Nero. He was a mastiff, very large and strong. He was cross sometimes and would not let the folks tease him. Nero seemed to like little Elenore very much. She would pull his tail or his fur and he was never cross. She could ride on his back and sleep with her head on his shaggy back.



Nero would follow Elenore all about the house and let no one hurt her. He seemed to think she needed him to watch her.

Well, the day before Christmas, while they were trimming the tree, they needed more green boughs and moss. They sent Aunt Elsie to the woods for them. It was not far to the woods, so she decided to take Elenore with her in her baby carriage. They wrapped the baby up warm with cloaks and shawls. As they started away, Nero

came and wanted to go with them, but Aunt Elsie stamped her foot and told him to stay at home. Nero hung down his head and went into the house.

When they reached the woods, Aunt Elsie cut a lot of green boughs and collected some moss. They were soon ready to go back to the house. Then auntie thought of the mountain tea which grew near that place. She concluded to go and pick some for Elenore. She left the baby in the carriage and hastened away among the trees to a place where the berries grew. She gathered a handful of the green leaves and bright berries and hurried back. She had been gone about ten minutes, but when she got back the carriage was empty. Elenore was gone. She was very much frightened. She looked all around and called, "Elenore, Elenore," but received no answer. She ran here and there through the woods but she could not find the baby. She was in despair. It was getting late so she hurried back to the house to tell her friends that Elenore was lost in the woods. When she reached the house she was out of breath and so frightened that she could not speak. She pointed at the empty carriage to make them understand that Elenore was lost. Elenore's mamma took Aunt Elsie by the arm and led her into the parlor.

Everybody was happy except Aunt Elsie. She looked at the tree, which they were trimming, and at the happy faces of her friends. Then she saw—what do you think? Why, Elenore and Nero, both fast asleep on the rug before the fire! She thought the child was lost, and there she

was, safe at home. She was very glad indeed. Nero had followed them to the woods, and while Aunt Elsie was away, stole the child out of the carriage and brought her home. Was he not a sly old dog?

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ALICE.

Alice was a little girl. She loved bread and butter and ate a good deal of it but she did not eat the crusts. She did not like them because they were hard.

One day a lady told Alice if she ate the crusts, it would make her hair curly. Then she ate all her crusts because she wanted curly hair very much. She thought curls were very pretty. She ate the crusts every day for a long time, but her hair did not curl. She was disappointed. She would not eat any more crusts. One day she ate several slices of bread but she left all the crusts. Her mamma reproved her and asked her why she did not eat the crusts. Alice said, "The lady told me, if I ate the crusts it would make my hair curly. I ate many crusts and my hair did not curl. The lady told me a story. I will not eat any more." And she did not.

MOLLY AND THE CANARY.

A lady had a pet canary bird of which she thought a great deal. She took very good care of it. The lady did not like cats because several times they had tried to catch her canary. She could not trust the cats and did not keep any. One day some boys passed her house, carrying a kitten. She heard them talking and learned they were going to drown it. The lady was kind-hearted and did not like to think of the kitten being drowned. She called the boys to her and offered to keep the kitten. They said another lady would give them five cents to drown it. So she gave the boys five cents for the kitten and saved it from a watery grave. She called it Molly. She took good care of it and as it grew up she noticed that the canary and Molly were very friendly. The kitten never tried to catch the bird. By and by the lady let the bird out in the room with the cat, while she was present. The bird would often perch upon Molly's back or head without fear. They



became more and more friendly, so at last their mistress often left them alone in the room together. She trusted Molly.

One day the lady went away to call on a neighbor and left the canary and the cat alone in the room. When she came home she saw that there was something wrong. When she opened the door she discovered Molly on the mantel with the bird in her mouth, At first she thought she had killed her dear little bird. She seized a cane and was going to strike Molly with it but just then a strange, yellow cat sprang through the open window and ran away. Then the lady understood why Molly had seized the bird and got upon the mantel. She had saved it from the strange cat.

As soon as the strange cat had gone Molly let the canary go and went up to her mistress to be petted. The bird was not hurt the least bit, and the lady was very grateful to her cat for saving it. After this Molly always took care of the bird and the lady loved them both very much.

TOMMY'S MISCHIEF.

Tommy loved fun. He liked to do things for his own amusement. He did not care if it made trouble for others so he had a good time himself. He always looked out for number one.

One day Tommy came home from school and learned that his mamma was sick in bed and there was a nurse taking care of her. Tommy did not worry about his mother. He thought it was a good opportunity to have some fun. He knew his mamma could not watch him and he could do as he pleased. He went out into the yard. He looked about for something to do. He found a long rope in the shed. He took it and made a lasso. First he threw the lasso at the chickens, then at the cat and the dog, but he did not catch any of them.

By and by the nurse came out into the yard to do some work,then Tommy threw the lasso over her head. He pulled it hard and threw her down. Of course she was very cross and tried to catch the mischief maker but he escaped. Then the nurse declared she would catch him at night after he went to bed. Tommy remembered the threat and planned to escape punishment.

That night after supper Tommy had a talk with his younger brother, Ted. He asked Ted to change beds with him that night. Ted agreed to do so and they went to bed. Tommy was in Ted's bed and Ted was in Tommy's bed.

Tommy chuckled to himself for he knew he would fool the nurse.

Pretty soon the nurse came into the bed-room. She walked softly to Tommy's bed where Ted was lying. She turned down the cover and with a slipper, she whipped the boy real hard. He screamed and cried but she did not stop. She whipped him more and more until she thought he was well punished. She thought she had punished Tommy for it was dark and she could not see who it was. Tommy knew his brother was being punished unjustly, but he laughed to think how the nurse was fooled.

In the morning the nurse found she had whipped Ted instead of Tommy. She was sorry for Ted and thought Tommy was very bad indeed to play such a trick on his little brother.

LADY JANE OF LORN.

Lady Jane of Lorn lived long, long ago among the hills of Scotland. She was beautiful and good. She had many lovers. One of them was a wealthy chieftain named Maclean. Lady Jane did not love him. She loved another man who was good, but poor. Her father, brothers and friends did not want her to marry the poor man. They made her take Maclean for her husband because he was rich and powerful. They were proud people and did not want a poor relation. Lady Jane was not happy and by and by Maclean became tired of his wife. He wanted to get rid of her. So he contrived to have her placed upon a large rock near the seashore and left her there alone. He knew when the tide came in the water would cover the rock and drown his wife. The next day he thought that she was dead. He prepared a coffin and placed stones and dirt in it. Then he called Lady Jane's friends and relations to come to the funeral. He told them that Lady Jane had been sick and died. He pretended to be very sorry and wept. The friends of Lady Jane said nothing. They wrapped their plaids about them and silently followed the coffin to the grave.

Now it happened that Lady Jane was discovered on the rock by the sea before the tide came in and rescued. She went to her father's house and told them about the cruel Maclean. So when Maclean told them that Lady Jane

was dead they knew that he lied. They pretended to believe him until they reached the grave.

Maclean asked them why they were so silent and why they kept their plaids wrapped around them. Suddenly each one opened his plaid and each had a long dagger in his hand. Maclean was frightened and turned very pale. Lady Jane's kinsmen demanded that the coffin be opened. Then they saw the stones and dirt and asked Maclean why he had deceived them. He could say nothing but threw himself upon his knees before them and begged them to spare his life. They stabbed him with their daggers and killed him there. They put his body into the empty coffin and buried him in the grave he had meant for his wife. He was punished for his cruelty and treachery.

SAVED BY A SPIDER.

Years ago there was a cruel war between the North and the South in the United States. The Northern soldiers were called Union soldiers and the Southern soldiers, Confederates. It was a very bitter war. Thousands of soldiers were killed in battle and other thousands died of sickness and in prisons.

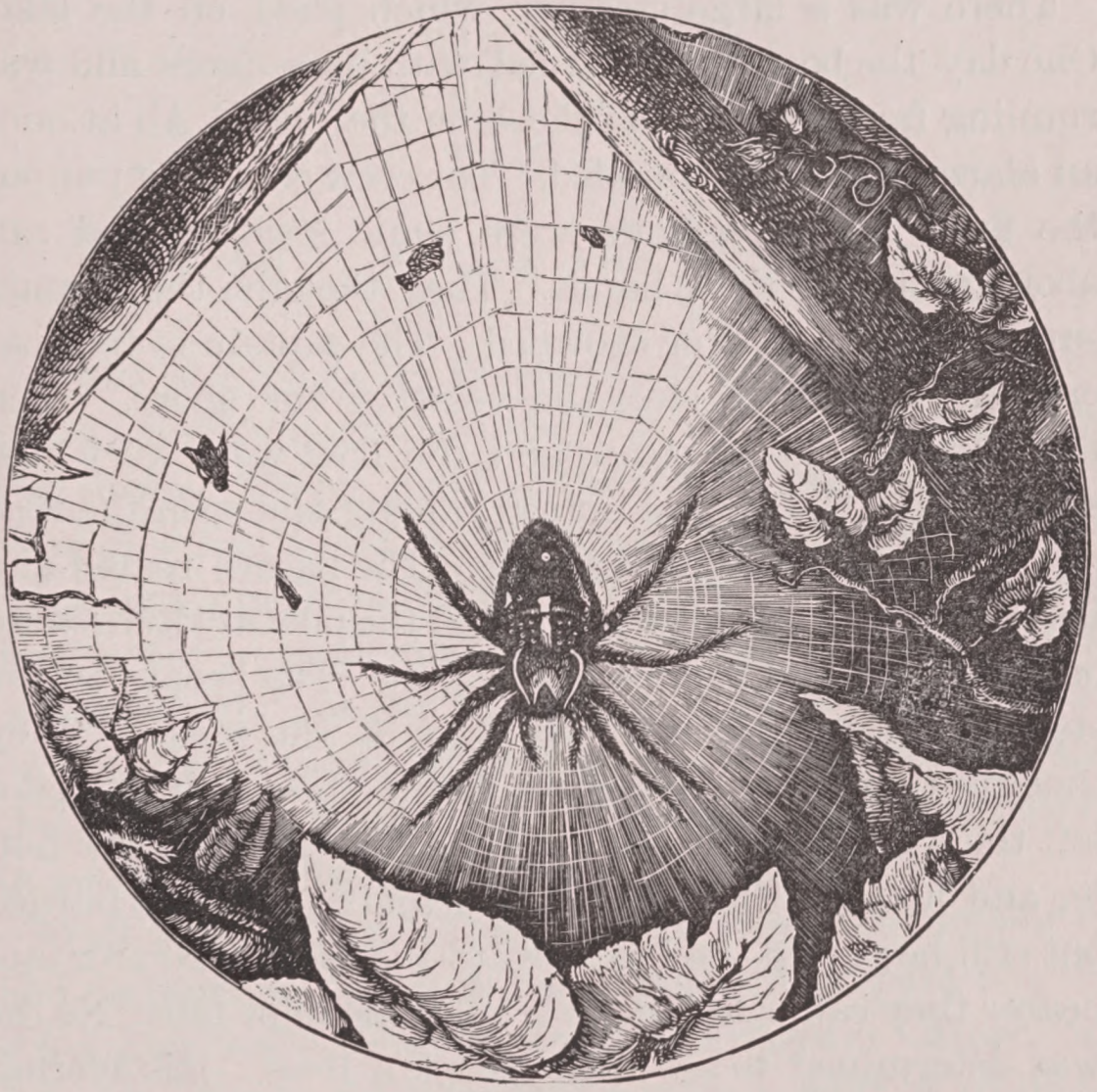
Often soldiers from both sides were sent out alone to collect information about the enemy. These men were called scouts or spies. It was very dangerous business. If a scout was discovered and captured, he would be hanged or shot.

Once a Union soldier was discovered, spying about near the Confederate lines. He fled but was pursued. He was very cunning and eluded his pursuers a long time. At last he thought he was safe and wanted to rest for he was very tired. He found a large hollow log in the woods. He crept into it, feet foremost, and fell asleep.

Soon after the soldier got into the log, a large spider came out of his hole and began to spin a web over the opening in the log. He spun his web, round and round, backward and forward until a net work was made. Then he disappeared.

By and by the Confederates came along. They were looking for the Union soldier. The soldier in the log was awakened by hearing voices. He knew his enemies were near him. He thought he would surely be discovered,

and his heart beat fast. The Confederates came to the log. When they saw the spider web over it they concluded there was nothing in the log. They said aloud, "There



is nobody in there," and passed on. The Union soldier was very glad and thanked the spider for weaving his web over the opening of his hiding place. He slept in the log all night and the next morning he escaped to the Union lines. He told his friends about the good spider which had saved him from the hands of the enemy.

THE BRAVE PILOT.

There was a large steamer which plied on the lake. One day the boat was crowded with passengers and was running far out from the shore on the lake. All at once an alarm of fire was sounded. The crew could not put out the fire. The passengers were panic stricken and ran about wringing their hands. They thought they would surely be burned up or drowned. The captain of the boat ordered the pilot to steer the vessel to the shore. Then the engineer put on steam and the boat went very fast shoreward. The flames spread rapidly and soon the rear part of the boat was all burning. The flames roared and hissed all about the pilot house and the pilot's clothes were on fire but he did not desert his post. The people on the steamer crowded to the fore part of the vessel. They thought they would never reach the shore. If the pilot left the wheel they would be lost. The flames grew hotter and hotter. The pilot's hands and arms were burned but still he guided the boat toward the shore. Nearer and nearer they came to land. Would the pilot fail? No, he was determined to save the people's lives. His clothes were now all on fire and one hand hung helpless at his side still the boat kept on its course. At last the keel of the boat grated on the pebbly shore and the people were saved. They fled from the burning vessel. But where was the brave pilot? As soon as the boat touched the shore he sank exhausted upon the floor of the pilot-house and

perished in the flames. He saved others but himself he could not save. He died a hero. He gave his life to save others. He was remembered and loved by the people whom he had saved.

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THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.

There is a place in London called the Tower. Many years ago wild animals were kept in cages in a part of the Tower. People could go there and see them. At one time they had a lion at the Tower. He was very large and fierce and a great many people wanted to see him. They had to pay a small fee to see the king of the forest. If any one could not pay the fee he might bring a live cat or dog to feed to the lion. A good many live animals had thus been given to the lion and he had always torn them in pieces instantly and devoured them.

Well, one day a small boy wanted to see the lion but he had no money. He captured a pretty little spaniel on the street and carried it to the lion. The dog was thrown into the cage. It shrunk back into a corner, whined pitiously and trembled. The lion was not hungry. He walked up to the spaniel and looked at it. He turned it over with his paw and smelled at it. He crouched and played with it.

The keeper, seeing this, brought a mess of food and put it into the cage. The lion would not eat it. He wanted

the dog to eat. By and by the dog began to eat, then the lion ate also. So they ate together and had a very friendly dinner. After that the dog and the lion were great friends and lived together happily. The lion was very kind and gentle and the spaniel was very bold and saucy. Often the dog would bark, pull the lion's mane and bite his ears, but the lordly animal would never be cross or hurt the dog.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel found him with the lion. He claimed his dog and wanted to take him away. Tne keeper told him he might take the spaniel if he could but he dared not go into the cage, so he had to leave his dog there. The great lion and the little spaniel lived together a long time but at last the dog took sick and died. The lion did not understand it. He thought his little friend was sleeping.

But as the dog did not wake up the lion began to feel uneasy. He smelled at the carcass of the dog. He rolled it over with his paw and brought it food. He seemed to be in great distress and could often utter a prolonged roar. They tried to take the carcass from tqe cage but the lion would become furious and fly at them violently. The keeper has afraid that the cage would break, so they had to let the body of the dog remain. The lion would eat no food. He lay down by the body of his friend and moaned. At last the lion died, it seemed, of a broken heart. The spaniel and the lion were buried together in one grave.

THE STORY OF JESUS.

In a country very far from here, there was a city called Bethlehem. One day a woman named Mary and Joseph her husband, came to Bethlehem. They came there to stay only a little while, so they went to the inn to lodge. But the inn was full of other people and there was no room for them.

So Joseph and Mary went to the stable to sleep. In the stable there was a manger where the horses and cattle ate their food. Was the manger empty? No. If you could have looked in you would have seen a little baby there. This baby was Jesus the Son of God. God had sent him to Mary and she had no nice bed to lay him in, so she put him in the manger.

On the night Jesus was born, some shepherds were out in the field near Bethlehem taking care of their sheep. And suddenly sweet music floated down from heaven and a bright light shone round about them. They raised their eyes and saw many shining angels. The angels told them about Jesus who had been born and was then lying in a manger. The angels said he was the Saviour. After that the angels went away into heaven again.

After the angels went away the shepherds hastened to Bethlehem to see Jesus. They found him in the manger and they were glad. Afterward they went back to their sheep and told every one they met about the angels and the babe.

And some other men came to Bethlehem to see Jesus also. They were called "wise men." They lived far away from Bethlehem. Then how did they find Jesus? God sent a bright star and, seeing it, they knew that the Christ was born. The star moved in the sky and the "wise men" followed it to Bethlehem. There they saw the holy child and knelt down on the ground and worshipped him. They gave him costly presents and then went back to their own country.



There was a wicked king in that country named Herod. He sent some soldiers to Bethlehem to kill all the little children who were there. He did this because he wanted to kill Jesus. He feared he would be king in his place. So the soldiers came to Bethlehem and killed all the little ones but they did not kill Jesus. God had sent an angel to tell Joseph the soldiers were coming. The angel told him to take Jesus and Mary away from Bethlehem. So Joseph arose in the night and took the child, Jesus, and Mary, his mother and went away from Bethlehem where the cruel soldiers could not find them. They travelled many days and came to Egypt. Here they stayed until Herod, the wicked king, was dead,

then they returned to their own country. They lived in a city called Nazareth.

Joseph was a carpenter. So Jesus lived in Nazareth and worked in a carpenter shop until he became a man. He was the Son of God but the people did not know it for no one had told them yet.

When Jesus was twelve years old he went to Jerusalem with his parents. A great many other people went there too. While they were in that city Jesus got lost and his parents started away without him. When they missed their boy they returned to the city and looked for him. He was found in the temple talking and disputing with the priests and wise men. The wise men were surprised because he knew more than they did.

John the Baptist lived in that country. He preached and told the people about the Christ. Now, Jesus came to John the Baptist and asked him to baptize him. Then John took him down into the water and baptized him. After that God spoke to Jesus so all the people could hear and a beautiful bird, like a white dove, came from heaven and lighted upon him. It was the Holy Spirit. Afterward Jesus went away alone into the wilderness. He staid there forty days and forty nights and did not eat or drink all that time. He was hungry. Then Satan came to Jesus and tempted him very hard to do wrong but he would not. And when Satan saw that he could not tempt Jesus he left him and angels came and gave him food.

After Jesus had overcome the evil spirit, he went

about the country, teaching the people about God. He told them he was their Saviour. He chose some poor fishermen to be his friends and go with him everywhere. They were his disciples. There were twelve of them. Jesus and his disciples visited many cities and preached to the people. He taught them to be kind and just and forgiving; he told them they must love and help one another like brothers; he showed them how to help the poor, the sick and those in trouble. He told many nice stories to interest and instruct the people. He performed miracles to show the people that he was the Son of God. Jesus turned water into wine; he made five loaves of bread and two fishes feed five thousand people; he healed the sick when no doctor could cure them; he made the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to walk; he raised the dead to life again. He made crazy people well; he walked upon the water and calmed the storm; he made a fig tree wither and die, because it did not bear any fruit; he drove the wicked people out of the temple because they lied and cheated; he reproved the priests and the rich people who lived in that country. he called them hypocrites and



told them to repent and humbly ask God to forgive them.

Now, a good many people believed that Christ was the Saviour, but the priests and many others would not believe him. They tried to hurt him and told lies about him. They wanted the rulers to put him in prison and kill him.



At last Judas betrayed him, and his enemies took and bound him. They dragged him before Pilate, and slandered him. They said he must die. So Pilate commanded the good and loving Saviour to be crucified. He let some soldiers take him away and beat and mock him and a crown of thorns was put upon his head. Afterward, being nailed upon a cross, he died. And as he died a great earthquake took place and the trembling people exclaimed, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

After our Lord was dead some friends came and took his body and laid it in a new tomb. On the third day he rose from the dead. He appeared to his friends and encouraged them. After that he ascended into heaven.

Our Saviour died to save us from our sins. He wants our love. He wants us to do good and be kind; he wants us to be saved and live with him forever.

RUDELY AWAKENED.

An ash wagon was standing in the street near the curb. There were some old boxes and barrels in the wagon. The owner was nowhere in sight. By and by a fat tramp came along. He noticed the wagon. He was tired and sleepy so he went and climbed upon the end of the wagon and sat down. He leaned back against the barrels and let his feet hang down outside. It was a comfortable seat and soon he went to sleep.

Two mischievous street boys saw the tramp sleeping there. They also noticed that the wagon stood near a fire-plug. They soon decided to have some fun. They procured a piece of strong rope and stole up to the wagon. One of them tied one end of the rope around the tramp's ankle while the other boy tied the other end around the fire-plug. Then they ran and hid behind a house to see what would happen.

Pretty soon the owner of the wagon came back. He climbed into his seat, cracked his whip and started his team. The tramp's leg being tied to the fire-plug, he was dragged from the wagon. He fell on his back on the hard pavement and his dreams were rudely interrupted. When the naughty boys saw this, they danced with delight and ran away. They thought they had played a good joke on the tramp, but I think it was not very kind. The tramp learned that it is not safe to go to sleep in the public street.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Mr. H. lived in the state of New York but one summer he was visiting in Iowa. One day, during a thunder storm, he was out in a barn with some men. He was lying at full length on a board, cracking jokes with his friends. All at once there was a blinding flash of lightning followed by a deafening clap of thunder. The lightning had struck the barn. It passed through and struck Mr. H. It burned a zigzag course from the crown of his head to his heel, and tore the shoe from his foot. Mr. H. was picked up unconscious and everybody supposed he was dead, but after several hours, he revived. After that he seemed to be all right and went about his business as if nothing had happened. It was a miraculous escape from death. Lightning usually kills a person when he is struck by it. This was an exception to the rule, and Mr. H.'s friends were surprised and delighted that he was not killed.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

An inn is a house where travellers stop to get their meals and sometimes stay over night. Many years ago there were many inns in England and many travellers stopped at them to drink and eat. At one of these inns, there was a young girl, named Mary. She waited on the guests and brought them whatever they wanted. She was the maid of the inn. She was beautiful and good. She was always cheerful and tried to please everybody. She often prayed to God and she knew he would take care of her. So she was never afraid in the dark. Everybody liked her and many praised her. They knew that she was a true, good girl. By and by she had a lover. His name was Richard. Soon they were to be married. Now Mary's friends did not like Richard because he was always idle and did not like to work. They thought Mary would be very unhappy if she married him.

Well, one night it was very stormy. The wind blew hard and made the trees creak and groan. There were two guests at the inn. They were sitting by a table, smoking and talking about the weather. They thought it was a terrible night.

A short distance from the inn there was an old ruined abbey. There were many dark empty rooms and dark corners about the ruins. One of the men said he knew no one would dare to go to the old abbey during such a stormy night. The other man said he knew Mary, the maid of the inn, would not be afraid. The first man

laughed and said he knew Mary would be frightened by a white cow if she saw one.

Then they called Mary and asked her if she would go alone to the old abbey. She said she would go and that she was not afraid. So it was agreed that she should bring a bunch of elder, which grew in the middle of the ruins to prove that she had been there. Then Mary put on her hood and shawl and started out. The wind blew furiously and soon she shivered with the cold. In a short time she reached the ruins and made her way over the piles of stones and through the dark rooms. The wind roared through the ruins but Mary was not afraid. At last she reached the clump of elder and quickly picked a bunch to take back with her. Just then she was startled by hearing voices nearby. Now she began to be frightened. In a little while the wind ceased to blow hard and she heard footsteps approaching. She trembled with fear but she quickly hid behind a broken column. She peeped from behind her hiding place and saw two men carrying a corpse between them. All at once the wind blew hard again and the hat of one of the men was blown from his head and rolled close to Mary's feet. Mary thought she would surely be discovered and her heart beat fast. The men, however, were very anxious to conceal the dead body which they bore, so the man did not follow his hat and soon they passed on.

When the men had gone Mary seized the hat and ran very fast out of the ruins. She rushed breathless into the inn and fell on the floor. She could not speak because

she was so frightened. Presently she noticed the hat which she had brought with her. Then she screamed and fainted away for she recognized her lover, Richard's hat. She knew, then, that he was a murderer.

Richard was caught, tried in court before a judge and sentenced to be hanged.

Poor Mary! Her mind became weak and she soon lost her reason. She wandered about the village and never smiled again. Her clothes became ragged and torn but she did not notice them. Everybody felt sorry for her but they could not help her. They could not restore her mind again.

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A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

Mr. White, a farmer, was walking through the woods near New Castle, Pa., when he heard groans as of some one in trouble. At first he was startled and listened attentively. Then he went in the direction of the sounds and came to a large chestnut tree. He looked up into the tree and saw a man hanging by the seat of his trousers on a broken branch, thirty feet from the ground.

Mr. White was very much surprised to see the man hanging up there. He shouted to the man but he did not answer. He was unconscious. Then Mr. W. called some

men and they took the man down. They carried him to a farm-house and laid him on a bed.

By and by the man regained consciousness and told them how he happened to be hanging on the tree. He told them his name was Harry Hoyt and that his home was near Pittsburg. He was out of work and was going about the country looking for something to do. As he was walked along the road he noticed the chestnut tree and climbed it to get some nuts. While he was picking the nuts the limb on which he stood, broke. He fell a short distance when his trousers caught on the broken limb. He was thus suspended in the air, and could not free himself. He hung there in the tree all the afternoon. He called and called for help but nobody heard him. By and by it became dark and at last he became unconscious. He was very glad to be safe again. If Mr. White had not heard him he might have died in the tree. It was a strange accident.

A HUNTRESS.

Mrs. Amelia Fisher lived in California. She was brave and could use a rifle as well as any man. She often went out hunting and was usually very successful.

One day she was out hunting. She tramped about the mountain side until late in the afternoon. Game was scarce and she had secured nothing. Just as she concluded to go home a large buck came in sight. She fired at the animal and gave it a mortal wound. It then disappeared among some bushes. The huntress followed the trail of blood which led into an open space. Here she saw a sight that startled her. In the middle of the space lay the buck and a huge panther was feasting on his carcass. She did not expect to find such fierce game. In a moment her fear had disappeared and she advanced boldly toward the robber of her prey. When she was near enough she leveled her rifle and fired at the panther. Her aim was true and the beast lay dead beside the buck.

Having killed the panther, the woman's nerves gave way and she fell fainting on the ground. Here she lay two days without food or shelter and was found by a party of friends who had been out looking for her.

MAZEPPA.

Many years ago a man named Mazeppa lived in Podolia a province of Southern Russia. He was clever and ambitious. When he was a small boy he was a page at the palace of the king of Poland.

When Mazeppa became a man he did something wrong which offended the king. He was arrested and the king decided to punish him severely. A wild unbroken horse was brought and Mazeppa was placed upon it naked. He was then bound fast on the horse's back with his hands tied behind him. The horse was then turned loose to run where it pleased. Mazeppa was bound fast so he could not fall off. The horse rushed hither and thither through the thick woods and hedges. It leaped ditches and ran under the low branches of the trees.

Mazeppa could not protect himself and he was terribly bruised and lacerated by the plunging of the animal and by the thorns and limbs of trees which thumped and lashed his bare skin as the horse ran about.

The horse ran far, far away to the plains where the Cossack people lived. Finally it fell exhausted and Mazeppa, half dead and unconscious, lay beneath it.

Here some country people found him. They unbound him. They cared for him and treated him kindly. Soon he got well and strong again and lived with the Cossacks, the people who had saved his life.

Mazeppa was brave, strong and active. All this pleased the Cossacks very much. They made him their chief and he became rich and powerful.

Peter the Great, emperor of Russia, was his friend and protector but Mazeppa was not satisfied with his home in Russia. He plotted against the government and helped the king of Sweden against Russia. At last he was found out. His home was destroyed and he had to flee for his life. But he could not be happy and finally poisoned himself.

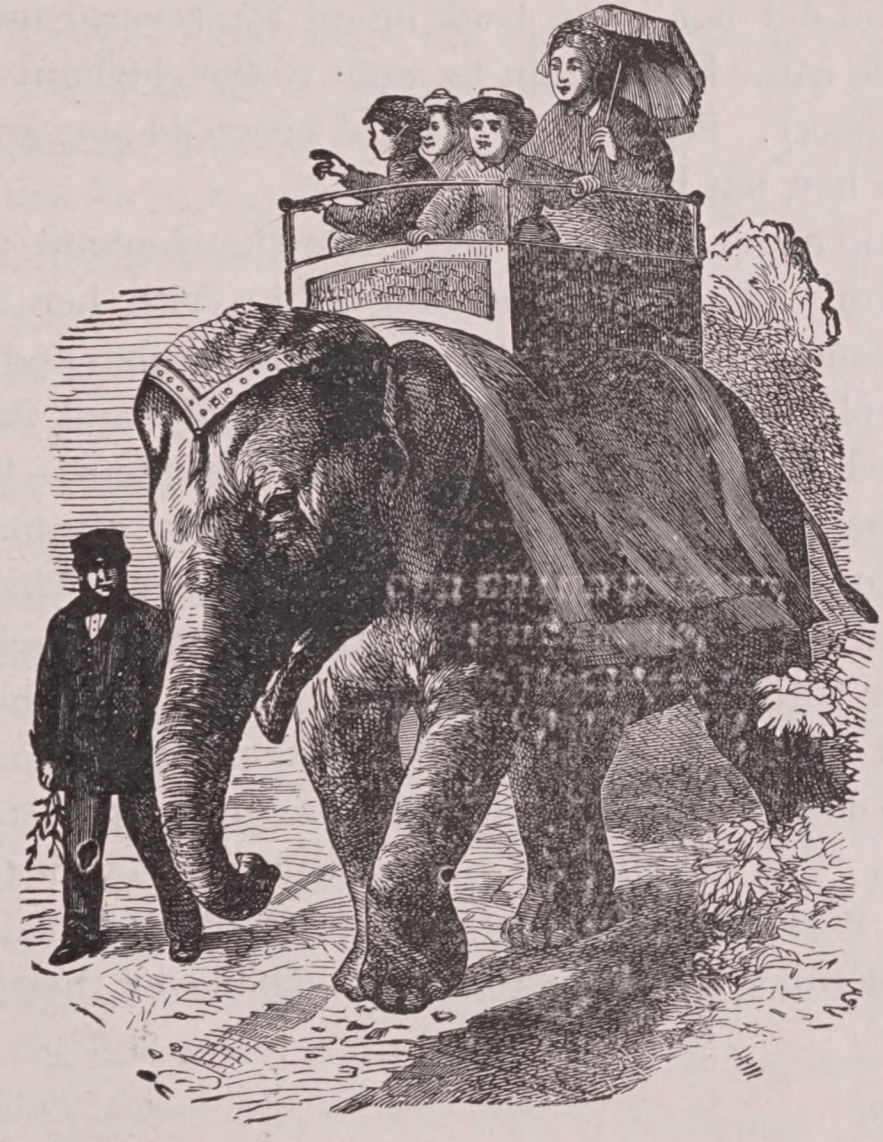
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GUSKY.

There is a young elephant in Schenley Park, in Pittsburg. She is called Gusky, being named after Mrs. J. M. Gusky who presented her to the park authorities. She is an intelligent animal and has a very good memory as this story will show.

Many children visit the Zoological Garden in the park and, of course, they always go to see Gusky. The elephant likes to have the children visit her for they always bring something good to eat; such as peanuts, cake and fruit. She takes the eatables from their hands and never hurts them.

One day several children were feeding Gusky. One small boy got a stick with a nail in the end of it. He



stuck buns on the nail and handed them to the elephant. The boy was tricky. When Gusky was about to take a bun he suddenly twisted the stick and gave it a jerk and ran the nail into the animal's trunk. After that he ran away and did not come back again for several months. When he came back again he went to the elephant stable to see Gusky. Perhaps he thought he would play another trick on her, but he did not.

As soon as he came into the stable the elephant recognized him. She ran up and caught him with her trunk. She crowded him against the wall of the stable and tried to trample on him. She trumpeted loudly and the boy screamed as hard as he could. The elephant's keeper heard them and rushed into the stable. He commanded Gusky to let the boy go but she refused to obey. The keeper seized a pitchfork and jabbed the elephant's neck and shoulder with it. Then she dropped the boy and he was dragged out of her reach. Gusky remembered what the boy had done to her six months before and wanted to punish him. I do not think the boy will want to visit Gusky again. It is not safe to fool with elephants because they will remember it and have revenge whenever they get a chance.

A SYMPATHETIC DOG.

A boy was walking through a field when he was set upon by a large, fierce dog. He was very much frightened and ran with all his might toward a tree. He hoped to reach the tree and climb up before the dog caught him. As he ran he looked back to see if the dog was near. Suddenly he tripped on some vines and fell headlong upon the rough ground. His leg was broken so he could not rise. He was helpless. He expected the fierce dog would seize him and tear his flesh with his cruel teeth. When the dog came up he saw that the boy was in trouble. He did not bite him. He seemed to understand that the boy was badly hurt and could not walk. He was no longer fierce but tried to help the poor boy. Soon the dog ran away to a farm-house and tried to attract the notice of some one. At first he did not succeed so he ran back to the boy for a sympathetic visit. He licked his hands in a friendly manner. Then he went back to the house. This time he succeeded in getting a woman to follow him. He led her to the boy. The woman sent for help and the boy was carried to the house and a doctor called. His leg was bound in splints. After that he was sent to his home. The dog was the boy's enemy but became his friend as soon as he saw that he was in distress.

Pain and suffering cause sympathy, even among our enemies.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Some years ago during the Christmas holidays, a man who lived in California went out with a party of friends to hunt. They went to the mountains on horseback. There was snow on the mountains and the paths were slippery in some places. One day the party passed along the side of a high, steep hill on a narrow path. This man was the last in the line and some distance behind the others. Suddenly his horse slipped, and with his rider, slid down the hillside. Down, down they went crashing through bushes and knocking against boulders. At last they came to a stop on a narrow ledge of rocks.

The man's friends did not see him fall. They did not miss him for some time. When they found that he was not in sight, they started back to look for him. They feared something had happened to him. They could see nothing of the man or his horse, but they soon came to the place where they had slidden down the hill. The snow and rocks were disturbed so they knew their friend had met with an accident. They climbed down the hill to look for him. Soon they discovered the horse and man behind a clump of bushes. The horse was not hurt much and the man was seen on the ledge of rocks dancing and throwing his arms about. They thought he was crazy. When the man saw his friends he stopped dancing and called them to come to him. When they came up he

showed them several chunks of gold which he had broken off the edge of the rocks.

When the horse slid down onto the ledge of rocks he struggled to get up and kicked the snow and moss off and disclosed the glittering gold. This discovery made the man wild with joy. That was why he danced. The party made further examinations and found that they had, indeed, discovered a very rich gold mine. They called it the "Christmas Gift." It was worth millions of dollars.

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TWO KITTENS.

Two cunning kittens, Jim Crow and Raven, shared the cosy home of a maiden lady. They had the sweetest milk to lap and the softest bed to sleep in behind the stove where it was warm. They were allowed the freedom of the house and could play among the downy cushions in the parlor. They were comfortable and happy when they did not quarrel, but I am sorry to say they often quarreled. They were greedy little things and each wanted the lion's share of everything.

It happened one cold, stormy day that Jim Crow had caught a nice fat mouse and Raven wanted a taste of it. Jim Crow would not give him any so they quarreled and spat at each other. Soon they unsheathed their sharp claws and began to scratch and fight. Their mistress saw

the naughty kittens quarreling and with the broom swept them both out into the storm. The wind blew and the the snow beat into their fur. Now they were glad to stop quarreling and huddle together in a corner of the porch. Soon they became very cold and mewed piteously. They thought of their cozy bed behind the stove. Perhaps they were sorry for having been so naughty. They mewed very loudly and scratched at the door. Their mistress heard them. She took pity on them and let them in. She thought they had been sufficiently punished for quarreling. Being cold and wet they crawled into their bed and lay close together like good friends. Soon they were fast asleep. They had forgotten all about the mouse which had caused all the trouble.

Boys and girls often quarrel and fight about little things and have to be punished to make them good again just like these kittens. It is best not to be covetous or angry.

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT.

Once there was a Christian Knight who loved Jesus and wished to do good. At that time the Turks in Asia persecuted the Christians in their country. They did not want them to love Jesus. The good Christian Knight and many other brave men thought the Turks were cruel and wicked. They went to fight against them to make them stop persecuting the Christians. But they were defeated in battle and the good Knight was taken prisoner and treated cruelly. A Turkish pasha yoked him with his oxen and hitched him to his plow. He drove him with blows of the whip until the blood ran and until he was almost dead. It was terrible work for the good Knight but he did not lose hope.

At home the Knight's loving wife sold her jewels and pledged her castle and lands to raise money to pay for his ransom. Her friends helped her and at last she had enough to pay the cruel Turkish pasha for her husband's freedom. The brave Knight came home and years passed. He grew old.

Again the Christians went to fight the Turks and again the good Knight mounted his war-horse and led them in battle. This time the Christians were victorious. The Turkish pasha, who had so cruelly treated the good Knight, was taken prisoner and conveyed to the Knight's Castle. He trembled for he knew he had been very cruel to the good Knight. He expected to be punished.

The good Knight met the cruel Turk and asked him what he expected would be done to him. "I know I shall be severely punished for my cruel treatment of thee," said the Turk. "No," said the Knight, "I shall set thee free. The gospel of Christ commands us to forgive our enemies and to love all mankind. It teaches us that God is love. Go in peace. Go to thy home and thy dear ones but in future be merciful to the unfortunate."

Then the prisoner broke into tears and exclaimed, "How could I believe such mercy was for me? Misery and torment seemed to await me. Therefore I took poison and soon I must die. Nothing can help me. I can live but a short time."

Then the Turk begged the good Knight to teach him about Jesus for he thought his love and mercy were wonderful. He wanted to die a Christian. Then the Knight explained to him how Jesus died for us and taught us all to forgive and help each other. The Turk listened and was happy for he thought that God would forgive him. Soon the poison did its work and he died thinking of the wonderful love of Jesus.

A SMART SHOEMAKER.

The shoemaker was a Frenchman and lived in Willow Grove, Allegheny Co., Pennsylvania. His shop was small but the town was also small and customers few. He kept a stock of shoes such as farmers and villagers usually buy. His shoes were neither very fine nor yet very coarse. He had some colored people among his customers. One day a negro came in and wished to see some shoes. The Frenchman showed him several pairs of excellent shoes. The negro looked at them very carefully, but he did not buy any. However he selected a pair and placed them in a corner of the window. He said he would come back and get them. When he had gone, the shoemaker became suspicious. He thought the negro meant to come back at night and steal the shoes. The Frenchman thought he would be smart and outwit him. So he took one of the shoes from the window and placed another in its place. Both shoes were for the right foot. They were not mates, you know.

The shoemaker's suspicions were correct. That night the window was broken and the shoes were stolen. Of course the thief could not wear the shoes as they were both for the same foot. The shoemaker thought he had played a good joke on the negro. But the Frenchman had two odd shoes on his hands which he could not sell. So he really lost two pairs instead of one. He might have

saved the shoes by removing them from the window. He did not think of that. Smart, was he not?

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THE BIRD AND SNAKE.

A gentleman had a beautiful song-bird. It could sing very sweetly and the gentleman loved to hear it. He kept it in a pretty cage and fed it with seeds. One day he hung the cage near an open window and went away. There was a large grape vine growing at the side of the house. It reached to the window. A large snake was crawling about the yard looking for something to eat. It heard the bird singing. It climbed up the grape vine to the window. It crept into the cage. It caught the bird and swallowed it. After it had swallowed the bird it could not get out of the cage. The gentleman came home. He went to the cage and saw the snake there. He knew it had eaten his dear little bird. He was very sorry. He killed the snake.

WILHELM AND THE DEER.

In a German city, near the Rhine, lived a well-to-do artisan and his wife. They had several children, the youngest of whom was about three years old. His name was Wilhelm. He was a beautiful boy and the favorite of every one.

There was a holiday and Wilhelm's parents and a great many people went to a large park near the city to have a good time in the woods. This park was really a large forest. Here the people walked about. Some talked, some danced and some played. Little Wilhelm enjoyed it all very much. He loved the flowers and by and by he wandered away to the brook where many bright blossoms grew. He picked many flowers and kept going further and further away. His parents missed him not for they thought he was safe with his brothers and sisters. His sisters did not miss him because they supposed he was with his brothers, and his brothers thought he was with his sisters or parents. So nobody missed him.

He wandered about in the woods alone. He laughed to see the butterflies, bright flowers and the little squirrels scamper about. The afternoon was nearly spent. It was then discovered that Wilhelm was missing. His parents searched for him but they could not find him among all the people. The mother wrung her hands and wept for her lost boy. Evening came and all the people return-

ed to their homes—all but Wilhelm's relatives and friends. They staid to search for him in the dark forest. All night long, with torch and horn, they sought the lost boy. Morning came and still he was not found. The mother's heart was filled with grief and the father offered a large reward to any one who could find his dear boy. The prince of that country heard about the poor boy, lost in the forest. He sent one hundred soldiers to help find him. The soldiers tramped through the woods in every direction. They shouted and blew their bugles, but no answering childish cry was heard. All that day and the second night the search continued, and still Wilhelm could not be found. There was sadness in every heart.

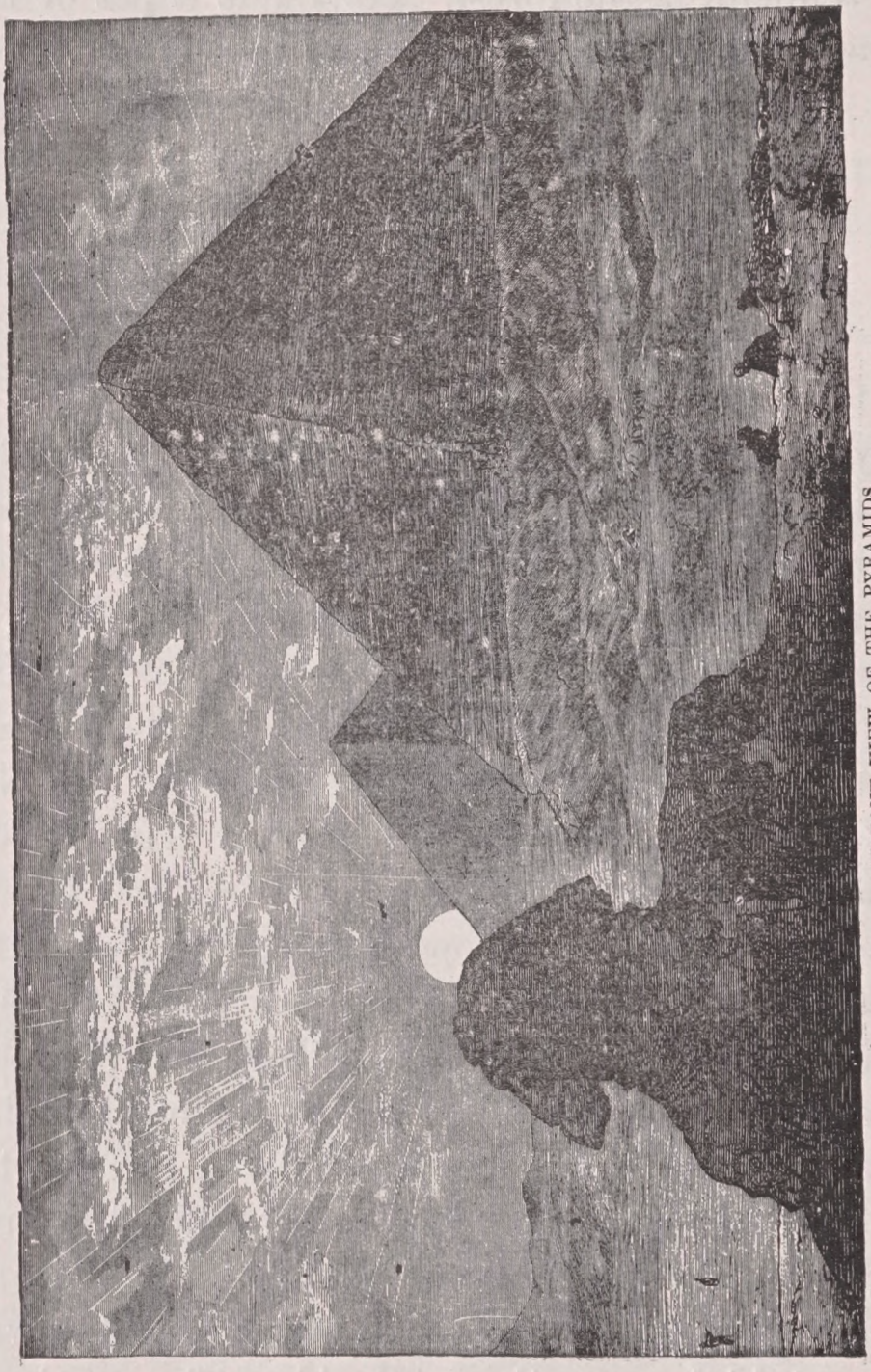
On the second day many of the searchers gave up and returned to their homes. One poor man, who wished to gain the reward, determined to find the little wanderer. He ran here and there, up and down, through thickets and along the streams. At last, near noon-time, he came to an open glade. Here he found the little truant fast asleep under a spreading tree. As he slept he held in his little hand a bunch of flowers, and by his side there stood a female deer. She would let no one touch the sleeping child. The deer had taken care of the lost boy and saved him from harm. And now when the man approached, she dipped her head, ready to fight and defend the child. Then the peasant blew his horn and others came to help him. They held the deer while he took up the boy and carried him, safe and sound, to his sorrowing parents. Then

there was great rejoicing and the peasant received his reward. The prince sent for the deer which had protected little Wilhelm in the forest. He made a pet of her and kept her safe from the hounds and the hunter.

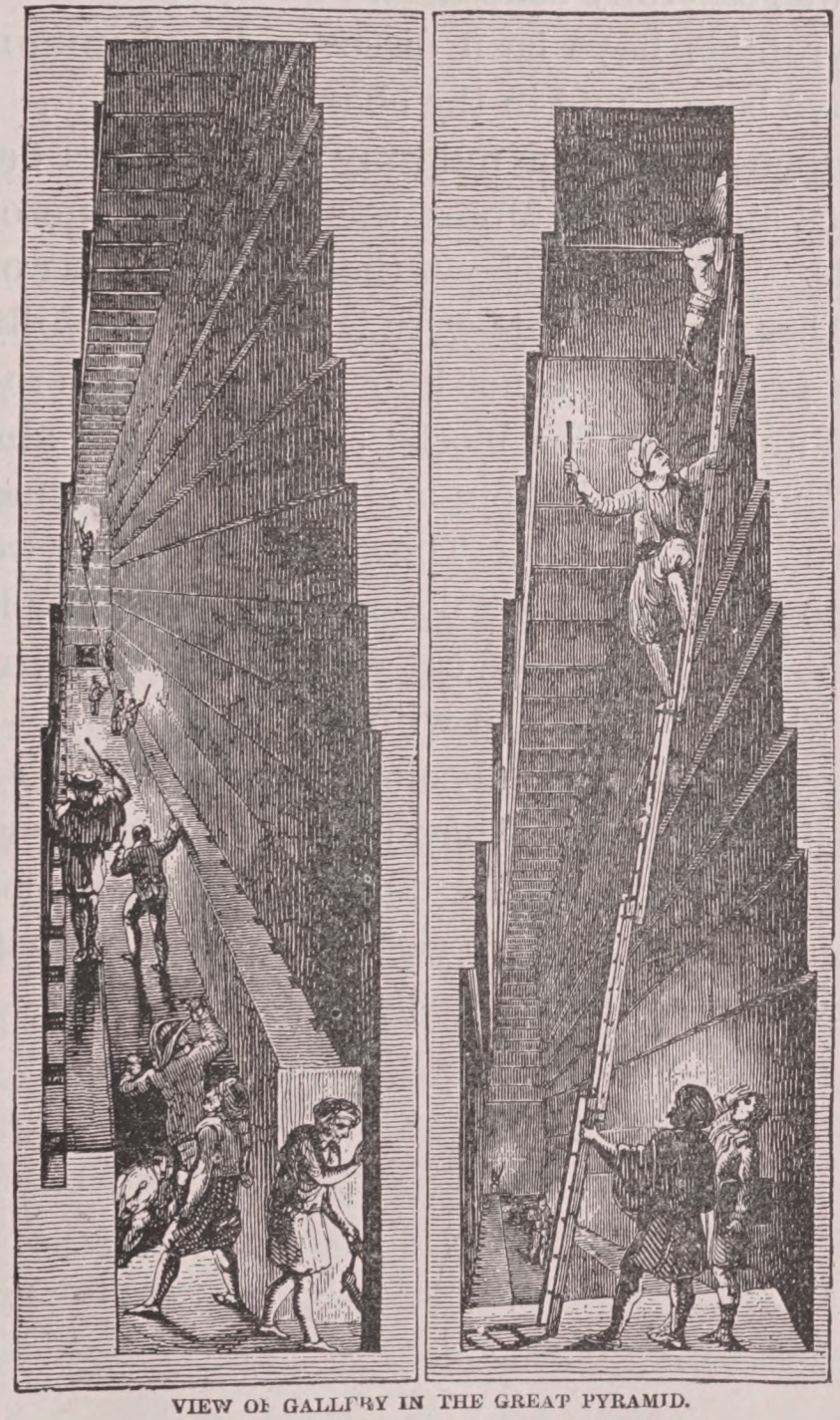
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PYRAMIDS.

Egypt is the land of the pyramids. Pyramids have been built in other parts of the world but the largest and the greatest number of them are found in Egypt. The pyramids are the oldest monuments in the world. Some of them are said to be over 4,000 years old. They were built by kings to be their sepulchres. There wonderful piles of stone may be seen on both sides of the Nile, the great river that flows through Egypt. The Great Pyramid is the largest one. It is near Cairo, and is supposed to have been built by Cheops, a King of Egypt. It is the largest work of man's hands in the world. It was at first 481 feet high and each side of the base was 765 feet long. It covered thirteen acres. It was built almost solid. Only a small sepulchral chamber was built in the heart of the huge pile. This chamber was partly under the surface of the ground. It was long and narrow. The entrance was through a long narrow passage which sloped upwards. It came out, high up on the north side. The opening on the



DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.



VIEW OF GALLERY IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

outside was carefully concealed. These openings in some of the pyramids have been discovered and mummies of kings have been found in the chambers.

It is supposed that the mummy of the King's daughter who saved and reared Moses was found in one of these pyramids. The picture shows the inside chamber of a pyramid. These monuments were built of wonderfully large blocks of granite. It is not known how they were placed one upon another. The blocks at the top are almost as large as those at the bottom and we can only guess how they were raised so high. These granite blocks were cut far up the Nile and floated down to the building place. It is thought the blocks were cut with large copper saws, the teeth of which were armed with diamonds.

The pyramids are the only one remaining of the "seven wonders of the world." They may yet be destroyed for, now, they are used as stone quarries, and some of them have been much reduced in size. The stone is blasted and hauled away for building purposes.

THREE LITTLE ONES AND THE GIANTS.

Three Little Ones lived in a little house tucked away behind the walls of a giant's castle. The entrance to their house was through a long narrow passage. The giants could not reach them for they could not go through the narrow entrance. Here the little ones lived in comfort. They lined their house with fur and made their beds of feathers and bits of paper. When they were hungry, they came out of their house through the narrow passage. They ran about the halls of the castle and took the food which the giants neglected. Sometimes the little giants dropped their cake or other food or threw it away. This the Little Ones were very glad to get and carried it to their home behind the wall. They grew fat and sleek. They were happy. Often they played and scampered about the Giant's halls. They became very bold and saucy. It happened some of the little giants saw them, while at play. They chased them, then the Little Ones ran for their lives. The feet of the giants were fearfully large. One huge foot would cover a dozen Little Ones. No wonder they rushed helter-skelter through the narrow passage leading to their home, where they were safe. The giants saw the little passage, but they could not reach the Little Ones.

The Little Ones were so frightened that they stayed at home a long time. They became very hungry. Then they

came out to look for food. They saw a pretty little house with food in it. Being very hungry they did not stop to think but ran in and began to nibble the delicious food greedily. All at once there was a click and a snap and the door of the little house banged shut. The Little Ones pushed against it but it was fast. They ran all about the little house but they could not get out. Their hearts beat fast. They did not know what to do. They walked all about and examined the little house carefully and found that it was really a prison. Iron bars were all over the windows and doors and they could not break them open. They could only wait to see what would happen.

By and by the Little Ones heard a terrible noise. Several young giants came running up to the little prison. The sound of their feet on the hard ground was like thunder. The Little Ones almost fainted from fright. One of the giants stooped and picked up the prison. He held it upon one hand and looked through the bars at the little prisoners. His great eyes and enormous teeth, when he grinned, were frightful. The other giants crowded around and made a terrible din with their feet and voices. The little prison with its helpless inmates was carried about and exhibited to all the other giants, big and little. All this time the Little Ones were quaking with fear in a corner of their prison.

At last the little prisoners were carried out of the castle to a wide open space surrounded by high walls. Many of the giant's crowded in this place. Then the door of the

prison was opened just wide enough for one to go out at a time. Then one of the terrified prisoners sprang out among the feet of the terrible giants, hoping to escape, and ran hither and thither, pursued by the frightful monsters. There was no opening in the wall through which to escape and at last the monstrous foot of one of the giants was planted square upon his frail little body. Every bone in his body was broken and his life was crushed out. Again the prison door was opened and another Little One rushed out. His life was also crushed out as was the first one.

The third Little One was doomed to witness the terrible death of his beloved brothers, and knew his turn would come. The giants had no pity. They were powerful. The Little Ones were weak and helpless. When the Little Ones ran with terror and screamed with pain, the heartless giants laughed and danced. The giants again crowded around the prison containing the last Little One. "Turn him out, turn him out," they cried. Then the largest and most terrible ogre of all seized the Little One by the nape of the neck. He held him up as you would a feather. He smiled to see the grinning faces of his tribe upturned to his. Then with a toss he flung the Little One high up above their heads. He fell in the midst of the terrible creatures. He sprang this way; he sprang that way in hopes of escaping the awful feet of his pursuers. But alas! his poor little heart failed him and his strength was spent. He rushed blindly into a corner and there was no escape. A dozen stamping feet struck the helpless

body and crushed it into a shapeless mass. Thus ended the lives of three innocent Little Ones who unwisely built their house behind the walls of the giants' castle.

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DANGEROUS COASTING.

Some boys were coasting down a steep hill on the road which crossed the railroad track. The road was very icy and smooth so that the sleds ran very fast. The boys enjoyed the sport very much. It happened as one boy was going down the hill, a train of cars came along on the railroad. The boy was lying on his stomach on his sled and going at a rapid rate. He saw the cars but he could not stop his sled. On he went and he felt sure he would run into the train and be ground to pieces under the wheels. When he was close to the cars he shut his eyes and waited for the shock. The train was running very fast but nothing happened. His sled ran on down the hill. He opened his eyes and found that he was safe while the train was almost out of sight. He wondered how it happened. He found out that just as he expected to strike the cars, he had shot under them between the wheels. He was going so fast that the wheels did not catch him, so he was safe. It was a miraculous escape.

CRYING FOR MAMMA.

Not long ago, a man who lived in St. Louis was out of work. His money was nearly all gone. He had a wife and two children. The oldest child was a boy, eighteen months old. The other was an infant in its mother's arms. The man could find no work in St. Louis, so he came to Pittsburg to look for employment. He brought his little boy with him and left his wife and baby in the western city. He had not enough money to bring them.

As soon as the little boy was taken from his mamma he began to cry and would not be comforted. He kept calling for his mamma. He would not eat anything and only slept when he became exhausted. He grew thin and weak. The father did everything he could for his dear little boy. He took him to the Day Nursery in Allegheny City. There were many other little children there but he toddled about from room to room and kept calling, "Mamma, mamma." This was the only word he could pronounce. The man had no money to send for the mother. He was in despair, for his little boy would die of grief if he did not have his mamma soon.

These facts were published in the newspapers and many people read about the little boy. They felt very sorry for him. One kind lady drove to the Day Nursery, gave $25 to the matron and told her to send for the child's mother at once. One gentleman went out as soon as he read the

story and telegraphed for the mother. He promised to pay her fare to Pittsburg. One man who lived in Youngstown, Ohio, sent $15, to bring the mother from St. Louis. Thus many people seemed to be much interested in the child.

The mother received the kind gentleman's telegram and started for Pittsburg at once. She travelled in a sleeping car and reached Pittsburg the next morning. She met her husband and the little boy at the station where they had been waiting for her. The little one was asleep in his father's arms when the train arrived. The mother rushed forward crying, "My baby, my baby." She kissed the child again and again. Soon he awoke and when he saw his mamma, he cried for joy. He threw his little arms around her neck and hugged her tight. He would not leave her and kept his arms about her neck a long time. He was happy again and smiled the first time for more than a week.

FIGHT WITH WILD CATS.

A man named Simmons was out hunting for bear in the Catskill mountains. He had his gun and dog with him. As he walked along a wild cat sprang upon him from a tree. It was very fierce and tore the flesh from his breast and arms. The dog came to the assistance of his master. The cat then attacked the dog and soon killed it. While they were fighting, however, Mr. Simmons caught up his gun, which he had dropped, and succeeded in shooting the savage beast. The man was badly wounded. It was a very large wild cat and if the dog had not come to his help, he might have been killed.

Another time another man heard a noise in his hen-house. He went to see what it was. As he opened the door, a wild cat sprang upon him. The man had no weapons but he struck the cat with his fists and killed it. He succeeded in killing it without much injury to himself.

Wild cats are dangerous animals when they are hungry or when they are attacked.

CAIUS MUCIUS SCÆVOLA.

When the Etruscan King, Lars Porsena, failed to get across the bridge into Rome, he camped without the city. His army watched the Romans. They kept the people from coming in and going out. The Romans were much troubled by the siege but nothing could be done to drive the enemy away. At last a young man named Caius Mucius asked the consuls to let him go out and try to do something to relieve the city. He was given permission to go. Mucius then went beyond the walls of Rome and crept through the Etruscan camp. He reached the king's tent. Just then Porsena was watching his troops pass by in order. A counsellor, dressed in fine robes sat beside him. As Mucius came in he mistook the counsellor for the King. He leaped forward and stabbed him to the heart. He thought he had killed the king. He was seized and dragged before Porsena. Porsena fiercely asked who he was and why he had committed such a crime. The young man gave his name and said he was ready to dare anything for Rome. Porsena threatened to torture him. Then Mucius stretched out his right hand and held it in the flame that burned in a brazier near by. He held it there until it was burned to a crisp without a sign of pain. Then he bade Porsena see what a Roman could bear.

Porsena was struck by this show of fortitude. He spared his life and even gave him his freedom and his dagger.

Mucius then told Porsena that three hundred young men like himself had sworn to kill him if he did not go away and leave Rome alone. This was not true but Porsena was very much frightened. He made peace with the Romans and withdrew his army.

Mucius could never use his right hand again so he was called Scævola. That meant he was left-handed.

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THE TOAD, THE SNAKE, AND THE TRAMP,

A toad lived in a pile of loose stones near a stone-bridge. It often hopped out among the weeds and on the road. It caught flies, bugs and worms to eat. One day it was sunning itself on a flat stone near the railroad. By chance a snake came along that way, looking for its dinner. It spied the toad. It crept up and caught it. It swallowed it whole. The snake did not go away but coiled up and lay there in the sun. By and by a tramp came along, walking with a cane. He saw the snake and killed it with his stick. Then the tramp walked on the railroad and a locomotive ran over and killed him. The toad killed the bug. The snake killed the toad. The tramp killed the snake. And the locomotive killed the tramp. So that was the end of them.

FIGHT WITH AN OWL.

A farmer, named Cross, lived in Oklahoma. One day he saw an owl on the roof of his barn. He got his gun and fired at the bird, knocking it off the roof. He went to pick it up but it was not dead. The shot had broken its wing and this made it furious. When the farmer approached, the wounded bird flew into his face and began to fight furiously. Again and again it flew into his face. It tore and scratched the skin with its beak and sharp claws. Mr. Cross was compelled to flee to save himself. As he turned he stumbled and fell. The owl instantly pounced upon him.

Then the farmer's shepherd dog rushed to the rescue. The bird then flew at the dog and they fought fiercely. While they were fighting, the farmer jumped up, ran into the barn, got a spade and returned to the fight. He dealt the bird several hard blows on the head with the spade and stunned it. It fell on the ground and it took several more blows to kill it.

The dog was badly injured about the head and neck and one eye was torn out. The owl measured four feet across the wings and its head was as large as a baby's.

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR.

Monkeys, like children, are fond of sweet things. They are particularly fond of sugar and bon-bons. Once a pet monkey was given a bottle with a hard lump of sugar in it. The bottle was tightly corked so he could not pull it out. The monkey could see the sugar through the glass and wished very much to get it. He shook the bottle and rolled it on the floor but the sugar would not come out. Then he tried the cork. He could not get that out either. The sugar seemed to be very near his reach but he could not get it. He began to act very funny and the people were much amused to see him try to get the sugar. Sometimes he would sit up with folded arms and look longingly at the sugar. Then he would clasp the bottle in his arms and hug it and bite at the sugar through the glass. At other times he would lie down and fondle the bottle with his hands. Then he would sit up and look very sad because he could not get the sweets. He tried many ways to get the sugar and was very amusing. He kept on trying.

It happened his mistress had a jar of pickles on the table. By some means it was knocked off the table. It fell with a crash on the floor and was broken in pieces. The pickles rolled out on the floor. The monkey witnessed this accident. Instantly he seized the bottle containing the sugar and jumped up on his perch. He threw

the bottle to the floor and it was broken. The sugar rolled out and the monkey seized it and began to munch it with much pleasure. He grimaced and winked at the people. He seemed to say, "Ah! I got it at last!" I think he deserved it after trying so hard.

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VALENTINE AND URSINE.

Pekin was king of France. On St. Valentine's Day the great king and many courtiers went to Artois Forest to hunt. They enjoyed the sport greatly and the hills and valleys rang with their cheerful cries and shouts. It happened as they passed through the thickets and woods they found a new-born child, down in a lonely dell. It was wrapped in fine silk and lace fastened with gold and silver pins. The courtiers gathered round to see the child, then they looked all around for the mother but she could not be found.

At last the king himself came up. He gazed down at the pretty infant. It looked up, smiled and stretched out its little hands toward the king. The king was pleased. He said it must be a prince's heir. He told them to take the babe to his palace and take good care of it. He also told them to get a good nurse for it. The babe was

christened Valentine because it had been discovered on St. Valentine's Day.

Little Valentine grew strong and good. He was smart and learned fast. The king and all loved him very much. He learned feats of arms and soon he had no equal in France. When he was very young he was made a knight. He wished to go out and fight and win glory. He asked the king to reserve the first adventure for him and the king consented.

Now it happened soon after this, three monks visited king Pekin and told him about a terrible man who lived in Artois Forest. He was very fierce and powerful. He had frightened the people very much and none dared to approach him. When Sir Valentine heard about the terrible wild man, he said he would go out and try to conquer him. The king consented and wished him success. Then Valentine put on his milk-white armour and mounted his milk-white steed and set out for Artois Forest to conquer the wild man. He had not gone far before he discovered the terrible creature. The wild man had just caught a fawn and was rending it with his teeth, devouring the raw flesh. His uncombed hair hung down to his shoulders and his eyes glowed with fury. His nails had grown long and strong like an eagle's talons. His limbs were thick and strong and in his hand he held a terrible, knotted club.

As soon as Sir Valentine came near, the wild man sprang up and uttered a fearful howl which made the

forest ring. Then he leaped with furious force to seize the knight, but he met Valentine's long spear which forced him to his knees. He sprang up quickly and with his awful club struck savagely at the knight. The blow missed his head but struck his lance and broke it in pieces. Then Valentine sprang from his horse and drew his sword. The savage leaped forward to get the blade. Three times he grasped the hilt but three times brave Sir Valentine resisted the attack and wounded the foe. The savage roared furiously and his eye balls flashed like fire. It was a terrible fight but at last Valentine threw his foe to the ground. They struggled long and passed many blows but at last Sir Valentine overcame the enemy and bound him fast. He then tied his captive to his horse's tail and led him out of the forest. He took him to the king's palace and presented him to the monarch. The king was much pleased and praised the brave knight.

The terrible youth had lost much blood and strength so he grew tamer. Valentine treated him kindly, so, soon he was no longer dangerous. He grew fond of Sir Valentine and became his faithful servant. He was good and true. They called him Ursine because he had lived with the bears in the forest.

"HIRAM'S COW."

Hiram was a country boy. He was about thirteen years old. He was a sensible boy and liked to work. He had to drive his father's cows to and from the pasture every day. The pasture was a good piece from the house, near the woods.

One day Hiram started after the cows. When he was about half way to the pasture he saw all the cows running towards him. They were bellowing and seemed to be frightened. Hiram wondered what could be wrong. He quickly hid behind a tree to see what the cows would do. The cows ran past one after another. The old bell cow came last and just ahead of her there was a bear. The bear had come out of the woods and frightened the cows.

After the cows had all passed Hiram ran after them. The cows and the bear all ran into the barnyard. Hiram closed the gate and fastened it. The cows, then, began to chase and hook at the bear. They all ran round and round the yard. It happened that the upper half of the barn door was open. So the bear jumped through into the barn and the cows could not follow it. Then Hiram ran and closed the barn door and bruin was imprisoned.

After that Hiram ran into the house and told the folks that he had a bear in the barn. They all ran out to see it. They peeped through the cracks at it. Hiram's little sister had never seen a bear before and did not know

what it was. She said it was "Hiram's new cow." It was a young bear and Hiram kept it in the barn until it became tame. Then he let it out and it would follow him about like a dog. He called it Shaggy Coat but the folks usually called it "Hiram's cow."

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THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BANANA PEEL.

A gentleman was walking along the street with a friend. All at once the latter stepped on a banana peel on the pavement. He slipped and fell down. His leg was badly broken. After this accident the gentlemon could not bear the sight of a fruit peel on the sidewalk. He was afraid somebody would slip and be hurt like his friend. When he saw a peel on the pavement he always stopped and removed it. However busy he might be he never passed a fruit peel without sweeping it into the gutter. This had been his practice for many years. One day, not long since, he was walking along a crowded street. He saw a child in its mother's arms, drop a banana peel on the pavement. The gentleman dodged about among the people, seized the peel and deposited it in the gutter. The people understood why he did it and were pleased with this act of thoughtfulness for the safety of others. They nodded approvingly. One lady wished to show her

appreciation. She fumbled in her purse and took out a nickel. She pressed it into the gentleman's hand and said, "You did a kind act, sir, and should be rewarded." The gentleman was astonished and offended. He did not want to be paid for doing such things. He looked at the retreating lady and then at the coin. Then he pitched it into the street. The "street arabs" scrambled for it. Then they followed the gentleman along the street. They thought he was crazy and would throw more money away. They were disappointed, however. The gentleman had no more money to throw to them. It is right, though, to remove fruit peels from the sidewalks. It may save semebody much pain and suffering.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas-eve. Annie, aged six and Willie, aged four, were at the window watching the people pass to and fro in the street. They were looking for their papa. They wondered if Santa Claus might not come along too. Their mamma was dead and their papa was a business man. He thought more of his money than anything else.

As soon as papa got home Annie and Willie began to ask him some questions about Santa Claus. They wanted to know how far it was to his home and how he could make so many pretty things for the boys and girls. Annie wondered how such a fat jolly man with such a big pack on his back could get down such a little hole in chimney. Willie wanted to know how Santa Claus could get down the chimney without getting his white beard all dirty from the soot.

Papa was thinking about business and the children's questions vexed him. He was impatient and then he became cross. "There is no Santa Claus," he said. Then he told them to go right off to bed. It was only seven o'clock. Annie sighed and stared in wonder. The big tears stood in Willie's eyes. They minded papa and went silently to bed. They lay very still but they could not sleep. They kept thinking and thinking. They wondered if Santa Claus would forget them. The clock struck eight, nine, ten; then Wille said, "Annie, dear, are you

asleep?" "No" said Annie, "I have tried and tried but I cannot sleep. I feel so sorry because papa has said there is no Santa Claus. But we know there is a good Santa Claus for he came every year before dear mamma died. Mamma used to pray and maybe she asked God to send Santa Claus here every Christmas time."

"Well," said Willie, "why can't we pray too and ask Jesus to send Santa Claus again?"

"I've been thinking so, too," said Annie, and quickly they both sprang out of bed. They knelt on the soft carpet and clasped their tiny hands on their breasts.

Annie prayed, "Dear Jesus look kindly down on Willie and me and send us some presents by dear Santa Claus. I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, a ring and a work-box. Bless papa, dear Jesus, and make him to see that Santa Claus does love Willie and me. Don't let him be cross again. Amen." Then Willie prayed, "Please, Jesus and Santa Claus come down to-night. I want a nice little sled, a box full of candy, a book and a toy. Amen, dear Jesus, I'll be a good boy."

After they had prayed they felt happy and got back into bed. Soon they were fast asleep. I think they danced with the fairies in Dreamland.

Papa sat in the library a long time before he thought of his dear children. At last he thought he had been very harsh to them. He was sorry. He went up stairs to see if they were asleep. He reached their door just in time to hear their prayers. He felt very sorry because he had

been cross. He determined they should not be disappointed. He went down stairs, put on his coat and went out to the stores. He bought everything for which his dear little girl and boy had prayed and many other things besides. He brought them home and put them in the children's room. He fixed up a tree and made everything look pretty. When it was all done he felt happy. He knew his darlings would be glad to find the presents.

The next morning when the little ones awoke they found the things which Santa Claus had brought. They were happy. They thought Jesus and Santa Claus were very good to bring them so many nice things. They shouted and laughed and called their papa to see their presents. Willie told him how they had prayed and Annie told him he could now see that there was, indeed, a Santa Claus.

Papa was very glad his children were so happy. It was Jesus that softened his heart and led him up stairs to hear the children's prayers. So, indeed, Jesus answered their prayers and He will answer all our prayers if we trust Him like Annie and Willie did.

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

The Israelites lived in Canaan. They had laws which the Lord God had given them by Moses. If one man did wrong to another, he should be punished. If a man killed another for revenge or because he hated him, he was a murderer. He was punished by death. The son or



brother or other near kinsman of the murdered man was allowed to kill the murderer wherever he could find him.

Sometimes a man killed another man by accident. This man was not a murderer. The friends of the dead man might not believe he did not intend to kill him. They might want to take his life. That would not be just. God told the Israelities to have some cities in Ca-

naan where this man could flee and be safe from harm. These places were called cities of refuge. When a man killed another by accident, he must make haste to the city of refuge. When he came to the gate of the city he must tell the elders who lived there what he had done. Then the elders would take him into the city and give him a place where he might live. If the relatives of the man whom he had killed should come and ask for him the elders would not give him up. They would save him from his pursuers. After a certain time he could go back to his home again and be safe.

But if a wicked murderer should come to the city of refuge the elders would not take him in. They would not try to save him from punishment. They would give him up to be put to death.

People often do wrong. They become wicked. They deserve to be punished but God will pity them. Christ is our refuge. If we fly to him, he will ask God to forgive us and make us better.

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET.



Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was born in Philadelphia on the 10th of December, 1787. His ancestors were Huguenots from France. When he was thirteen years old his parents moved to Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Gallaudet was never very strong in body. When he was a boy, he loved to study. He was very bright and industrious. He learned very fast. He entered Yale College in 1805. He was a deep thinker and talked like a person much older than he was. In his youth he wrote verses for his own pleasure. Some of his poems have been printed.

After he left College Mr. Gallaudet studied law one year. His health was not good so he had to stop studying law. Soon after this he became a tutor in Yale College where he remained two years. He next tried traveling for a mercantile house. He was thus making his experience varied. About this time he united with the Congregational church and began to study for the ministry. He studied theology about three years at Andover College. Mr. Gallaudet was very earnest and sincere. He desired to serve his Master acceptably.

He studied hard and wrote many letters for the newspapers. His name became well known in New England. After he left Andover he was offered several churches in which to preach, but he did not accept any of them because his health was so poor. He did not seem to know just what to do. His opportunity had not yet come. He preached occasionally and traveled as much as he could for his health. Until 1817 there were no schools for the deaf and dumb in America. Only a few deaf persons had been taught to read and write. There were schools for the deaf in Germany, France, and England, but the people in America did not know anything about them. There were many deaf boys and girls in America. They were all very ignorant. They had no teachers to help them.

Mr. Gallaudet had several small brothers and sisters. Among their playmates were the children of Dr. Mason F. Cogswell. Dr. Cogswell was an eminent surgeon. He

was a very popular man. He had a child, named Alice, who was deaf. She was very bright, but she could not learn as fast as her sisters on account of her deafness. She often played with the Gallaudet children, for they were near neighbors. One day Mr. Gallaudet noticed Alice. He pitied her because she could not hear. He wished to teach her, so he tried to see what he could do. He first taught her the word "hat" then many other words and some sentences. When Mr. Gallaudet went back to college, Alice's parents, brothers and sisters kept on teaching her. She learned a great deal but not very fast, because they did not know how to teach deaf people very well then. Dr. Cogswell was a kind-hearted man. He thought very much about his daughter, Alice. He made inquiries and found there were many other deaf children in Connecticut. He thought it was a pity they should grow up in ignorance. He talked with other people about it and they decided to start a school for the deaf and dumb. Some kind men gave money to help them. They had heard about the schools for the deaf in England and France. They determined to send some one to England to learn about the schools there. They chose Mr. Gallaudet to go there and learn how to teach the deaf and dumb.

The English schools for the deaf were in the hands of a family, named Braidwood. Mr. Gallaudet went to the Braidwoods and asked them to show him how to teach the deaf. The Braidwoods would not do it unless Mr.

Gallaudet would give them much money. Mr. Gallaudet had no money to give them. He was very much disappointed. He spent several months trying to find out something about the Braidwood methods of teaching. He feared he would be unsuccessful. About this time Mr. Gallaudet heard that the Abbe Sicard was in London with two of his brightest pupils. He went to see them. He was delighted to see that the deaf could learn so much.

The Abbe Sicard invited him to visit his school in Paris and promised to help him all he could. Mr. Gallaudet was very glad and went to Paris. The Abbe Sicard was very kind and showed him how to teach the deaf and dumb. He remained there nearly a year, learning the signs and studying the methods of teaching. At last he was ready to return to America.

Laurent Clerc was one of the Abbe Sicard's assistants. He had also been his pupil for he was deaf. He had been a very bright boy and learned very fast. When he grew up Sicard appointed him to help him teach the deaf and dumb in his school in Paris. He was a good teacher and he assisted Mr. Gallaudet while he was in Paris. Mr. Gallaudet wished to take some one with him to America to help him start the new school. So he asked Mr. Clerc to go with him and he consented. They landed in New York on August 9th, 1816.

While Mr. Gallaudet was in Europe, Dr. Cogswell and other friends had collected money and secured a charter for the "Connecticut Asylum." Several months were

spent, getting ready to open the new school. Finally on the 15th of April, 1817, the "Asylum" was opened for pupils. At first there were only seven pupils. The first of these were Alice Cogswell, George H. Loring and Wilson Whiton. Dr. Gallaudet's labors for the deaf were now fully begun and he labored incessantly for their good. Year by year new pupils were added and new teachers employed. The school grew rapidly and a new building was erected. The name of the institution was changed to the "American Asylum."

Dr. Gallaudet was principal of the "American Asylum" thirteen years. He worked very hard and taught a class himself all the time. He was not fairly treated by the board of directors but he did not complain. Besides working harder, he received a less salary than some of the teachers. Mr. Clerc received a higher salary than he.

Dr. Gallaudet was a small man. He was not strong but he had good control of his pupils. Some of them were large, rough boys and some were bad. One day in the dining-room Dr. Gallaudet stood up to say grace when a large boy seized a knife and rushed at him. He could not escape. He could not resist the large, strong boy. Dr. Gallaudet opened his bosom and told him to strike. The boy was instantly ashamed of himself and slunk away. Dr. Gallaudet loved the deaf and dumb and did all he could to help them. At last, after thirteen years' labor for the deaf, he retired from the "American Asylum" on account of poor health. He continued to reside in Hartford and

visited the Institution often. In 1821 Dr. Gallaudet was married to Sophia Fowler who was deaf and who had been one of his first pupils. They had several children among whom are Dr. Edward Gallaudet, president of the National Deaf-Mute College, and Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes in New York City. Mrs. Gallaudet lived many years after the death of her husband and she was loved and honored by all who knew her.

After leaving the "Asylum" Dr. Gallaudet spent several years writing books for the young. He also wrote for the magazines. In 1838 he became chaplain iu the institution for the Insane at Hartford. He continued in this office until his death in 1851. In September of this year he was confined to his home and to his bed most of the time. At last on the 10th, as he lay in his bed he thought he felt better. His daughter was with him. He said to her, "I will go to sleep?" He slept in Jesus for he never waked again in this world.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was the father of deaf-mute education in America The deaf and dumb in the United States love to do honor to his memory. In 1854 they collected money and erected a monument to his memory in front of the Institution in Hartford. A bronze statue of Gallaudet, costing $10,000, was erected by the deaf on the grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington in 1889. It is right for the deaf to love him for he was a great and good man.

SPOILING A POINTER.

Mr. Brown had a fine "bird dog." He was a splendid pointer and Mr. Brown was very proud of him. He always took him when he went out bird shooting. The dog never failed to "point" the birds and his master usually bagged a fine lot of them.

One day a parrot was brought to the house. It was a fine bird and a good talker. When the dog came into the house the first time after the parrot arrived, he stopped and "pointed" as soon as he saw it. The parrot was not afraid of the dog and walked right up to him and looked him straight in the eyes. After a moment the bird screamed, "You're a rascal." The dog was very much astonished to hear a bird talk. He dropped his tail between his legs and slunk away. After that he would never "point" a bird again so he was spoiled and his master was sorry to lose such a good hunter.

ZEKE AND THE BEAR.

Zeke was a noted bear hunter. He lived near the mountains in Pennsylvania. Sometimes the bears were plentiful in the mountains and in the winter Zeke often caught them in traps or shot them with his trusty rifle. In the summer and fall he did not hunt bears.

One day, early in the fall, Zeke went to the woods on the mountains to gather nuts. He did not take his gun or other weapons, as he did not expcet to meet with bears or other fierce animals. While he wandered about in the woods he saw a large stump. It seemed to be hollow so he walked up to examine it. It was really hollow so Zeke looked down to see what was in it. He found a bear's nest with two small cubs in it. While he stood there looking at the baby bears the mother came up. Zeke did not hear or see her. The first thing he knew was a blow on the ear which sent him sprawling on the ground. The bear had boxed his ears. Perhaps she thought he had no business to be looking at her babies.

Zeke sprang up; then he saw the cross bear which was coming at him again. He had no gun or other weapon, so he had to run to save his life. The bear chased him. The man sprang over logs and ran through the bushes. Soon he looked back and saw the bear going back to her young. He was glad to escape. He thought he would be more cautious the next time he found a bear's nest.

JOHNNY AND HIS SLED.

It was after Christmas. The snow covered the ground and the road was nice and smooth. Johnny Roe had a nice new sled which he got from Santa Claus on Christmas. He was very anxious to go out and try his sled. There was nobody to go with him so he went alone.

He drew the sled to the top of the hill and then rode down. The sled ran fast and Johnny enjoyed the sport very much. He went up and down the hill several times. At last he became tired. Just then Johnny's brother, Joe, came along on Dolly, their old mare. Johnny told Joe to stop a minute. "What for," asked Joe. "I want to have a ride," answered Johnny. "There is not room on Dolly for two," said Joe. "Oh! I don't want to get on," replied Johnny. He then proceeded to tie the rope of the sled to Dolly's tail. After it was securely tied he sat down on the sled and told Joe to go ahead. "Dolly will kick you," said Joe. "No danger," said Johnny, "she is too old and lazy to kick." Then Joe started up but when the mare felt the pull on her tail she stopped and looked back at the sled. Again Joe started and whipped her up. She began to trot, then all at once, she gave a kick and galloped away. Johnny and the new sled were knocked into a snow bank. Fortunately the mare's heels had struck the sled and Johnny was not hurt but he was very much frightened. He learned that it is not always safe to impose on quiet animals.

VIRGINIA.

Appius Claudius was one of the ten governors of Rome. He lived many, many years ago. He was proud and cruel. He was a selfish, wicked man. Appius had his judgment-seat in the forum. There he judged the people but he was often unjust. The forum was also the market-place as well as the school-house. Boys and girls went there to learn to read and write. The girls who went there were attended by their nurse.

Virginius was a brave soldier and a captain in the army. He was a plebian, that is, he belonged to the common people. He had one daughter, Virginia. Virginia was very beautiful and good. She went to school in the forum.

One day Appius saw Virginia in the forum. He admired her very much. He would make her his wife but the Roman law forbade. He determined, if she could not be his wife, she should be his slave. Appius told his friend, Marcus Claudius, to claim Virginia as his slave. Marcus did so. Virginia's nurse told him that Virginia was no slave. She sent for Virginia's uncle, Numitorius, and her, betrothed, Icilus. They went to Appius and proved that Virginia was really the daughter of Virginius and not Marcus' slave. But Appius would not release her. Then they asked him to put off the trial until the next day. Appius agreed to do so. Then Icilus immediately sent

for Virginius who was with the army. He came to Rome at once.

The next morning Virginius took Virginia before Appius Claudius. A great crowd of people pressed about them. They sympathized with Virginius. Virginius proved that he was Virginia's father, but Appius pretended not to believe it and told Marcus to take her for his slave. The people were very angry at the unjust decision. Virginius was astonished. He could not save his child. He threw his arms about her and kissed her. He led her to a butcher's stall. He could not bear the thought of his daughter being a slave. He seized a long sharp knife and stabbed her to the heart. He could save her from shame in no other way. He waved the bloody knife and cried, "On thy head be this innocent blood, Appius."

Appius ordered his soldiers to seize Virginius but they could not. The crowd kept them back and Virginius walked away. He mounted his horse and rode back to the camp. He told the soldiers about what had been done and showed them the bloody knife. The soldiers were very angry against the governors. They all marched to Rome.

At the same time there was a great tumult in the city. The people were very angry against Appius Claudius. They threw stones at him and wounded him and the blood ran over his face. His friends could not protect him and he had to hide himself in his own house. Virginia's corpse was carried on a bier through the

streets. The people laid garlands of flowers, scarfs and wreaths upon it. The men drew their swords and vowed to resist the wicked governors. When the troops arrived in Rome, the people joined them. They took Appius Claudius and put him in prison. They intended to bring him to trial and punish him, but Appius killed himself. He was afraid to meet the angry people.

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ARACHNE.

Long ago people believed there were many gods and goddesses. Minerva was the goddess of all liberal arts. This included spinning, weaving sewing and embroidery. None could spin, weave, sew or embroider as well and skillfully as Minerva.

There was a young woman named Arachne, the daughter of a dyer. She learned to sew and embroider when she was very young and became skillful. Her friends flattered her and said that Minerva, the goddess, must have been her teacher. Arachne denied this and said she learned herself without a teacher. She was very vain of her needle-work. She boasted that she could sew and embroider as well as the goddess. She even challenged Minerva to a trial of skill.

Now, in those days it was considered very wicked for anyone to compete with the gods and goddesses and they were usually severely punished for so doing. Arachne knew all this but she was willing to suffer if she failed to do better work than Minerva.

Minerva heard of Arachne's boastings and was much displeased. She assumed the form of an old woman and went to see the foolish maiden. She warned her not to compete with the goddess. Arachne was angry and told the old woman to mind her own business. She said she was not afraid of the goddess. Then Minerva threw off her disguise and the company knew it was the goddess herself. All bowed down before her. Arachne, alone, stood defiant. She still resolved to compete with the goddess. The contest began at once. Each put up her piece of embroidery and began to work on the designs. Both worked very fast. The skillful fingers moved rapidly over the surface of the web. With her needle Minerva wrought some beautiful scenes of the gods and goddesses. All her work was pure and noble. She also embroidered scenes where mortals contested with the gods and were punished. She hoped Arachne would give up before it was too late.

Arachne wrought in her web pictures to show the weakness and foolishness of the gods and goddesses. When Minerva saw these pictures of the presumptious maid, she was very angry. She struck the embroidery with a shuttle and tore it from the frame. She then touched Arachne

on the forehead and caused her to feel her folly and guilt. Arachne could not endure this, so she went and hanged herself. Minerva pitied her. She told her, she should live but she and all her descendants should continue to hang by a thread forever. Then she sprinkled the juice of a plant over her, and immediately Arachne's form began to change. Her body shrunk up. Her head grew small. Her fingers grew to her sides and served as legs. She continued to spin but the threads were made out of her own body. With these she suspended herself and made webs in the air. Alas, poor Arachne! she had been changed into a spider.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

Long, long ago, a great chasm or crack in the ground occurred in the forum at Rome. It could not be filled up because it was so deep. Many, many cart loads of earth and stones had been thrown into it and still the bottom could not be seen. The augurs were persons who foretold events. So the people went to the augurs and asked them how they could close up the yawning chasm. The augurs said the place would never close until they had thrown into it the most precious thing. Then the people threw gold, silver and jewels into it, but still it did not close up. After that the augurs said it was courage that was the most precious thing.

Marcus Curtius, a young patrician, heard what the augurs said. He went home and dressed himself in his finest robes and put on his armour. He then took his sword, his lance and his shield and mounted his war horse. He rode through the streets of Rome until he came to the forum. Here, he rode his horse into the chasm. Horse and rider sank out of sight; down, down in the abyss. After this sacrifice, it is said the chasm closed up itself, so that the forum was smooth and even again. Marcus Curtius was honored by the Romans for his brave deed.

IMPRISONED MAMMA.

Tommy was two years old. He was a mischievous baby and toddled about in search of something to do all the time. He had to be watched or he would tumble down stairs or fall out of a window. One day he was with his mamma in the bed-room. He was having a good time playing about the room while his mamma was putting things in order. By and by mamma went to the closet to arrange something. Tommy saw her there and in a fit of mischief, slammed the door shut. The door fastened with a spring lock on the outside. Mamma could not open the door from the inside. Tommy could not open it because he was too small. Mamma was imprisoned in the dark, close closet. She could scarcely breathe and fainted several times. When she became conscious she beat the door and called for help but no one, save baby, heard her. Tommy was much frightened and cried and cried.

It was several hours before any one heard. At last Tommy's uncle heard the noise and went up to see what it was all about. Tommy pointed at the closet-door and soon mamma was liberated from her close prison cell. She was unconscious but soon recovered after being in the fresh air awhile. Tommy was very glad. His mamma did not scold him because he had not meant to be naughty. He was too small to know what he was doing.

THREW HIS WATCH.

James G. Blaine, the famous statesman, and Joseph Brown, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, were college mates at Washington, Pa. One day Brown was playing ten-pins. While he was playing one of his shoes became untied. He stooped to fasten the string. While he was in this bent position, young Blaine came up. He gave Brown a lively kick. Brown straightened up, instantly. When he saw Blaine, who was laughing, he unfastened his silver watch from the chain and threw the timepiece with all his might at him. Blaine dodged the missile and escaped unhurt, but the watch was ruined.

When they left college, the young men separated and did not meet again until they were old men with gray hair and beards. Several years ago Mr. Blaine was travelling in Maine and saw Mr. Brown on the train. He recognized him at once, but Mr. Brown did not know Mr. Blaine. By and by Mr. Blaine asked him if he did not remember throwing his watch at another fellow at college. Then Mr. Brown knew it was Mr. Blaine. The two old men shook hands and sat down together. Thay talked about their school days and many other things. They had a pleasant time on the train and when they parted they were good friends again.

SAVED BY A CAT.

The home of Mr. Wright was in Youngstown, Ohio. He lived in a neat frame cottage. He had a wife and several children. Among their pets was a large tabby cat. One day Mrs. Wright and all the children but one son went away on a visit. Mr. Wright and the boy staid at home.

While they were asleep at night, their cottage took fire. It burned fast and the smoke spread through the house. Mr. Wright and the boy did not know it as they slept soundly. The cat was awake, however, and knew the danger. She jumped up on the bed and scratched their faces and wakened them. They sprang up and rushed from the burning building. If the cat had not awakened them, they would have been suffocated by the smoke. It was a wise cat and no doubt Mr. Wright and his son were very grateful to her for saving their lives.

A BAD CAT.

A little girl lived in Munhall, near Homestead. She was only three years old. One day she was playing with a big black tom-cat in the kitchen. The two got along very pleasantly together for awhile. Pretty soon the child got a pair of scissors and looked about for something to cut. She noticed the cat's long whiskers. She, probably thought they were too long, so she decided she would trim them. She cut them too close and the cat became very angry, and made a fierce attack on the child. The child's mother ran to save it from the cross cat. Then the cat left the child and sprang upon the woman. It tore her body terribly with its sharp claws and tried to catch her by the throat with its teeth. The woman threw up her hand to protect her face and got one of her fingers in the cat's mouth. She could not make the cat let go. Just then the woman's husband came home from work. He seized the cat by the throat and choked it to death. The cat held on to the finger until it was almost dead. The woman's finger was badly torn and the doctor had to amputate it. Perhaps the cat was offended because it was robbed of its fine whiskers.

HANS AND GRETCHEN.

Hans and Gretchen were German children and lived in a village far across the ocean. They went to school and loved to study their lessons and learn. They studied and practiced writing at home, also. One day they wanted to write in their copy books and sat down at their desk which was only a high bench. Their ink-well was empty so Hans got up and took the bottle of ink from the cupboard. He sat down astride the desk, holding the bottle in both his hands, and his pen holder in his mouth He poured the ink into the well but he was careless and poured out too much. The ink overflowed onto the desk and ran off onto the floor. Hans sat up straight and opened his eyes wide while his sister looked scared. They knew their mother would scold them for getting the ink on her clean floor. They tried to wipe up the ink, but they made it worse. The ink spread out and made a large black spot. Perhaps their mother washed out the ink with lye and soap-suds.

Hans must be more careful when he fills the ink-well again.

THE YOUTH AND THE NORTHWIND.

Once on a time, long ago, there was an honest old woman who lived with her son. Her husband was dead and she was old and lame. One day she sent her son to get some flour. The lad got the flour but he was careless and did not hurry home. He put down the flour and ran about to play. While he was loitering the Northwind came along and stole the flour.

When the lad came back to the place where he had left the flour he was very sorrowful. The flour was gone and it was all they had. He thought they must starve. He wondered what to do. At last he ran off swiftly to the Northwind's cave near the distant sea. He demanded the flour. He said they would starve if they did not have it. "I have it not," the Northwind growled. "But I will give you this table-cloth instead." It was a magic table cloth. When it was spread the lad might order any dish and it would appear at once. The boy was much pleased and returned towards home. In the evening he stopped at an inn just half way home. He showed the people what his table cloth could do. In the night the dishonest landlord stole the magic table cloth and put another cloth in its place. The next day the boy continued his journey. He reached home in the evening. He told his mother about the wonderful table-cloth. She did not think the cloth would do any good and wanted

the flour. The lad told her it was well that the Northwind stole the flour. Then he spread the cloth and called for meat and bread and other things. But it was only a common table cloth, so nothing came about.

Then the youth was angry and hied himself back to the Northwind's cave. Said he, "Your table cloth is of no account. I want my flour again." The Northwind declared, "I have not your flour but because you have no bread, I will give you this goat instead. You have only to say, 'Make money, master Billy,' and it will make all the money you want." Then the boy was glad. He took the goat and started home again. When he reached the inn he showed what his wonderful goat could do. It made money for him. Then he went to bed but during the night the landlord stole the goat and put another goat in its place. The next day the lad continued his journey homeward. When he reached home he told his mother that he had a wonderful goat that could make money for them. His mother doubted it and said, "Your silly goat can do no good for hungry people." Then the lad exclaimed, "Make money Mister Goat." But, alas! it was only a common goat and it could do nothing. Then the boy was very angry, because he thought he had been fooled again. He hastened back to the Northwind's cave and again demanded his flour. The Northwind was cross and said he did not have it. He gave the boy only a cudgel this time. He told him if he said to the stick, "My cudgel hit away" it would obey him and not stop till

he told it to do so. The luckless lad took the cudgel and started home again.

He stopped at the same inn, where he had lodged befor. He did not tell what his cudgel could do. He retired and pretended to sleep. By and by the thievish host came in and intended to steal the stick. The boy, who was not asleep, saw him and cried, "Stop, stop. My cudgel hit away." Then the cudgel hit the man on the head until he cried for mercy. Still the staff kept thumping the host about the head. At last he groaned, "I'll give you back your cloth and goat. Oh! spare my broken head." Then the boy told the cudgel to stop and he got his table-cloth and goat again. The next morning he proceeded homeward.

When he reached home he showed his table-cloth and goat to his mother. He showed her what they could do. After that they always had plenty to eat and lots of money. They became rich and the boy married a princess when he became a man. He had money for his friends and a cudgel for his enemies.

GENERAL HOWE AND THE LITTLE REBELS.

In 1776, the Revolutionary War began. The people of America rebelled against England. British soldiers were sent to Boston to watch the people and make them obey the laws of King George. General Howe commanded the



British soldiers. One winter the soldiers camped in Boston. The weather was very cold and the ponds were frozen over. The Boston boys liked to slide and skate on the ice. The British soldiers liked to tease the boys and broke the ice. The boys waited until the ponds were frozen again, then they were happy once more. The soldiers broke up the ice again. This happened several times. At last the boys became very angry. They held a meeting and decided to visit Gen. Howe and tell him about his soldiers.

A number of the boys went to Gen. Howe's headquarters and called him out. They told him how the soldiers had broken their ice, made fun of them and called them little rebels. They said they would stand it no longer. The general was surprised that the boys were so brave. He admired them. He thought they were very independent like their fathers. He promised to help them. He told them if the soldiers broke their ice any more, they should be punished. So the Boston boys won a victory over the British soldiers.

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THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

It was the night before Christmas, not very long ago, that uncle John saw St. Nicholas. It was while he was making his usual Christmas round, in the dead of night to the homes of good children that he saw him. Of course you want to know all about it, so I will tell you.

That night the children had all been tucked in bed, and were fast in the arms of slumber. Everything was still; not even a cricket chirped on the hearth. The stockings, big and little, hung in a row on the mantel. Everybody knew that good St. Nicholas would come and fill them up

before morning. Dreams of sugar-plums and toys caused the little ones to smile in their sleep. Uncle John and his good wife had just put out the lights and got into bed, ready for a long winter nap. All at once, there was a clattering noise outside and uncle John sprang up from his bed and threw open the shutters. The snow covered the ground and the moon shone brightly. It made everything bright and he could see very plainly.

Out on the lawn, he observed a tiny sleigh and eight tiny reindeer. He could see a jolly little man sitting in the sleigh. He seemed to be very lively and quick. Uncle John know, at once, it was St. Nicholas. He stood very still, there in the open window, and watched and listened to see what he would do. He could hear him whistle and and shout to his reindeer, and call them by name. He heard him say Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixon, Comet, Cupid, Donder and Blizten, so he concluded these were the names of the reindeer. The little animals were swifter than eagles. In an instant they had leaped onto the porch, thence to the top of the wall and the next moment Uncle John heard the prancing, stamping and pawing of the tiny feet on the roof overhead.

Uncle John turned from the window just in time to see St. Nicholas come down the chimney with a bound. He was clad from head to foot in warm furs. His clothes were flecked here and there with soot and ashes. He had a bundle of toys flung over his shoulder, which made him look like a little peddler with his pack. His merry eyes

twinkled and his cheeks were red and dimpled. His nose was red like a cherry and his beard was long and as white as snow. He held a short pipe in his mouth and the smoke curled about his head like a wreath. He had a fat round face and a little round belly. When he laughed, his belly shook like jelly. Altogether he was a chubby, plump jolly old fellow and Uncle John had to laugh in spite of himself. Then St. Nicholas turned his head a little and winked at him good naturedly. He did not say a word but attended to his business. He filled all the stockings with bon-bons and toys. Then, with a funny nod, he disappeared up the chimney.

Uncle John listened. He heard him get into the sleigh and whistle to his reindeer and away they flew like the wind. But before they left the roof Uncle John heard St. Nicholas call back, "Good night, good night. A happy Christmas to all." Then when Uncle John went to close the window they had entirely disappeared.

Uncle John may have had his doubts about St. Nicholas, just like other old people, but after what he saw and heard that night, he believed there is indeed a jolly, good St. Nicholas who visits our homes at Christmas time and makes people very happy. I believe it too, don't you?

BABY AND THE PETS.

Baby had a very soft and comfortable bed in his cradle. Puppy and pussy and her kittens were pets of the nursery. They soon found out that Baby's bed was warmer and more comfortable than theirs. They also found out that the nurse, mamma and the children paid more attention to baby than to them. Perhaps all this made them a little jealous.

One day when nurse and all the rest were out, leaving baby alone, the puppy and pussy jumped into the cradle and crowded baby out on the floor. Then the kittens also got into the baby's soft bed and cuddled up among the warm covers. Puppy sat up on his haunches and looked down at the baby on the floor. He seemed to say, "Good for you, how do you like it now?" Baby lay very still and looked up at the intruders. He said nothing for he had not yet learned to talk but, no doubt, he thought a good deal. One kitten did not get into the cradle but walked up to baby and looked down into his chubby face as if to say, "What are you going to do about it?"

By and by nurse came back; then baby had his rights again while the marauders had to scamper to keep their ears from being boxed. This shows that the favorite is not always safe when his friends are absent.

THE CAT AND THE HARE.

Once a gentleman caught a young hare. It was only a day or two old. He took it home and gave it to an old cat, which had just had some new kittens. The cat kept the baby hare and fed it and took care of it just like her own babies. The kittens and the hare grew up together. It was funny to see the hare among the kittens for it was so different. As her family grew the old cat thought it time to teach the young ones to catch mice. She tried to teach the hare. But the hare did not care for mice and would not do anything. The cat would box his ears with her paws and show that she was displeased. The hare did not improve in cat-ways. The foster mother was puzzled. She thought she had a very dull child. One day the old cat and the hare were put out on the lawn together. The hare hopped about and nibbed the plants and ate the grass with much delight. The cat watched the hare some time and seemed to be much disgusted. Cats never eat grass or other green plants. How could one of her own children do it? At last she seemed to think that she had brought up anything but a kitten. She turned away in disgust. She would have nothing more to do with the hare and refused it shelter after that.

THE NEGRO AND THE BOOK.

A negro lived in a small cabin at the edge of a dark forest. He had few neighbors and they lived far away. He was very simple and ignorant. One day as he walked along the path near his home, he found a book. He thought it might be valuable, so he took it home. The next day a white man passed his cabin and the negro called him in. He showed him the book and asked him what it was. The man told him it was a Bible, the best book in the world. Then he took his glasses out of his pocket and put them on. He read a few verses in the Bible to the negro. The negro was surprised and delighted. The white man continued his journey. In a few days a preacher passed that way. The negro called him in and asked him to read the Bible for him. The preacher put his spectacles on and read the Bible. The negro thought if he had glasses he could read too. So he asked the preacher to lend him his glasses. The preacher gave him the glasses and he put them on and tried to read, but he could not. Then he asked the preacher if he thought he could get better glasses that would enable him to read. The preacher said he could get gold glasses at the store in the village. The next day the negro went to the village. He inquired for the man who sold glasses. He found him. He told him he wanted a pair of gold spectacles. The storekeeper gave him a pair and he put them on. Then

he tried to read the book which he had brought with him but he could not understand anything. He tried another pair, and still another but without being able to read. Then the storekeeper asked him if he had ever learned to read. He replied that he had not, but thought he could read with glasses, if he found the right kind. The storekeeper laughed and told him that all the glasses in the world would not help him. He told him that glasses were not made to help ignorant people to read, but for people who had weak eyes, or were near sighted. The negro went home sad and disappointed.

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BORROWED PLUMES.

Once there was a crow which lived with a company of other birds. Her feathers were plain and black. Her voice was harsh and coarse. She was awkward, but she was vain. She thought she had a fine head. The other birds did not like the crow very well. She thought it was because her feathers were so plain. She asked the other birds to lend her some feathers. The peacock gave her some long feathers for her tail. The goose gave her some white down for her neck. The hen gave her some for her wings. The turtle-dove gave her plumage for her back

and the jay gave her one or two out of her crest for her head.

The silly crow stuck her borrowed feathers all over her body. Then she thought she was beautiful. She wanted all the other birds to see her, so she strutted about the yard. The other birds were very polite. They told her she was very pretty, but when her back was turned they made fun of her. They thought she was very silly. The crow sat upon a stump and tried to sing. Then all the other birds flapped their wings and ran away.

Now, some people are like this silly crow. They are not satisfied with their own clothes. They are vain and try to make other people think they are rich and pretty. They borrow their friends' things. Sometimes they borrow a hat, sometimes a coat, sometimes shoes, sometimes all they can get. Then they visit about and try to be smart. They simper and strut. Their friends laugh at them on account of their "borrowed plumes."

It is best to be contented with one's own things. If we act well we will be thought beautiful, and if we act silly we will be considered ugly, even if we have on fine clothes. "Handsome is what handsome does."

BABOON AT THE EXPOSITION.

They had an exposition in St. Louis, where many beautiful and costly things were on exhibition. There were also many nice things to eat and drink there. Among the other attractions was a large baboon. His name was "Nigger." One evening his keeper gave him his supper of dog-biscuit and locked him in his cage. By and by the baboon contrived to escape from the cage. He ran all about the exhibition and frightened the people. He scattered things about and ate whatever he could find. He ate matches, red fire and raw eggs among other things. He found a case of beer, knocked off the heads of several bottles and drank the liquor. The beer seemed to make him feel merry. At last "Nigger" got an armful of eggs. He stood before a mirror and threw them at his own image. After that he lay down in a corner and went to sleep. He was then captured and put back into his cage. The next day he was all right. The things he had eaten did not seem to do him any harm.

VANLANDER AND AMILIAS.

Vanlander was a famous smith. He was the Scandinavian Vulcan. Vanlander was at the court of King Nidung. His fame as a smith became known there. This caused the king's smith, Amilias, to become jealous of Vanlander. He wanted the people to think him the best smith in the kingdom. Accordingly he challenged Vanlander to a trial of skill. Amilias was to make a suit of armor and Vanlander a sword. If Vanlander's sword could cut through Amilias' armor then Amilias' life should be forfeited to Vanlander. But if Vanlander's sword could not pierce the armor, then Vanlander's life should be forfeited to Amilias. Twelve months were allowed for the trial.

Amilias worked at his armor the whole twelve months but Vanlander did not begin his task until two months before the trial. Then he went to his smithy and forged a beautiful sword which was very large and heavy. He showed it to the king. The king admired its beauty. To test the sword, Vanlnader took a cushion, filled with wool, one foot thick. He put this cushion in a stream and allowed it to float down against the edge of the sword. The sword cut the cushion in two. The king thought it was a remarkable sword but Vanlander did not think it was good enough. He took it back to his smithy and filed it all up. He made a new sword out of the filings. This he

took to the king. They tried the new sword as before but this time the cushion was two feet thick. The sword cut it in two easily. King Nidung thought the sword was surely good enough now but Vanlander was not satisfied. He returned to his smithy and again filed down the sword and made a new one. This time it was the proper size. It was polished and adorned with jewels. He took it to the king who admired its beauty and workmanship. They took it to the river and now they had a cushion three feet thick. This cushion floated down against the edge of the sword and was cut in two without stopping a moment. Vanlander was now satisfied.

The day for the test arrived. Amilias put on his new armor. It was made of double plates of steel. He felt sure Vanlander's sword could not pierce it. Amilias seated himself in a chair before the king and his court. He bade Vanlander do his best. Vanlander took his sword and stood behind his rival. He lifted the sword and smote Amilias on the helmet with all his might. Then he asked Amilias if he felt anything. He said he felt as if cold water was running through him. "Shake yourself," said Vanlander. Amilias did so and his head fell asunder. The terrible sword had cleft both the armor and his head to the chin. So Vanlander won the contest with his wonderful sword.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

The lion was very large and strong. He had a long mane and large paws. One day he lay in the tall grass and slept. A tiny mouse came out of its nest near the lion. It ran about to find food. It ran over the lion's paws. The lion awoke and saw the mouse. He put his paw on it. The mouse squealed and begged the great lion to let it go. "I am only a little thing," said the mouse. "I can do you no harm but I may be able to help you sometime." The lion smiled. He thought such a tiny little thing could be of no use, but he let it go. A few days later the lion was walking through the jungle. He was caught in a net. He struggled to get out. The ropes drew tighter and tighter and held him fast. He roared loudly. The little mouse which lived near, heard the lion. It ran to him. It saw that the lion was in trouble. "Now I will help you," said the mouse. It gnawed the strong ropes with its sharp teeth. Soon the ropes were cut and the lion was free again. The lion thanked the mouse. He was glad he had spared its life.

This story teaches us that we must not despise little things. Sometime they may be useful to us. It also teaches us to be kind to the small and the weak.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, was king of France. His cousin, Milon, married his sister, Bertha, secretly. Milon was, therefore, banished from France. Milon and Bertha, his wife, fled to Italy. Near the town of Surti they found a cave where they made their home. Here their son, Roland, was born. In this cave the mother and son lived, depending on the kindness of the people for their support. Milon went to foreign countries to seek renown and fortune.

Roland grew up among the common children of the neighborhood. He was stronger and more manly than any of them. Oliver, the son of the governor of the town, was one of his companions. He was about as old as Roland.

When quite young Roland and Oliver became jealous of each other. They quarreled frequently and at last had a terrible fight in which Roland beat his rival. After this fight the two boys became great and firm friends and always helped each other.

Roland's mother was poor and sometimes he was half-naked. Roland was a favorite among the boys so they brought some cloth to make him a suit. Some brought red and others white, so he had red and white for his colors.

When Charlemagne was on the way to Rome, to receive a crown, he stopped at Sutri. He had a public dinner. That day Roland and his mother had nothing to eat. As

Roland was walking through the street he saw the king's servants carrying an abundance of food. He rushed up, seized the food and ran away with it.

Charlemagne heard of it and sent some soldiers after the boy. They followed him to the cave. There they found the king's sister, Bertha. They told the king and he forgave her. He took her and Roland back to France. The great king was very fond of Roland. Roland learned and improved very fast and became a great knight. Once he vanquished a Saracen warrior and took from him the famous sword, "Durindana." This sword had once belonged to prince Hector of Troy. It was very fine and strong. No armor could stand against it.

Guerin was the name of a powerful knight. He was governor of Vienna, subject to Charlemagne. Guerin quarreled with the king and Charlemagne marched with an army and besieged the city. Guerin was old and infirm, but he had four sons and two grandsons, who were among the bravest knights in the world. One of the grandsons was Oliver. Guerin thought his sons and grandsons could easily defend his city. The siege of the city continued two months. At last it was agreed to decide the contest by a fight between two knights—one from each side. The knights were to be chosen by lot. From Charlemagne's army the lot fell to Roland. From Guerin's army the lot fell to Oliver. The two knights did not know who the other was. They were dressed in complete armor with helmets and visors, so they could not see the

face. The knights met on an island in the river between the two armies.

They rode spirited chargers and at the first shock both lances were broken to splinters. The knights then dismounted and drew their swords. For two hours they struggled and fought. They struck and parried and thrust. Neither seemed to be tired and neither had gained an advantage over the other.

At last Roland struck furiously at the other and buried "Durindana" so deep in the edge of his shield that he could not withdraw it. At the same moment Oliver thurst so hard upon Roland's breast-plate that his sword broke off at the hilt. Now both were weaponless. They rushed at each other and each tried to throw the other down. Neither succeeded. Each snatched at the other's helmet and pulled it off. At the same instant each stood bare headed, face to face. Then Roland recognized Oliver, and Oliver knew Roland. They were much surprised and for an instant stood still. Then they rushed into each other's arms. "I am conquered," said Roland. "I yield," cried Oliver.

The people on the shore did not know what it all meant. Soon they saw the two contestants standing hand-in-hand so they knew the battle was at an end. The knights crowded around them. It was decided that they were equal in glory. This left the quarrel, between Charlemagne and Guerin, still undecided. But peace was finally made. The two armies joined together and marched against other foes.

So now, when contestants contend against each other wisely, valiantly and equally we say, "A Roland for an Oliver."

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HORATIUS.

King Traquin was banished from Rome. Lucius Junius Brutus was made cousul of the Romans in place of the king. Tarquin tried hard to get back into power at Rome. In one battle his son, Arnus, and Brutus were killed in single combat. Valerius was, then, made chief consul. After that Tarquin went to Lars Porsena, the Etruscan king, and persuaded him to help him recover his crown. Porsena agreed to help him and collected a large army of the best and bravest men in his kingdom. Then he marched to Rome. At that time, there were not many soldiers at home. They were away, fighting in other places. As Persena's army advanced, they captured the Roman forts and beat back the small forces sent against them. The Romans retreated across the bridge into Rome. The enemy followed close behind. If they could get across the bridge, the city would be lost. The consul orderd the bridge to be cut down in order to save the city. The enemy was near. They would reach the bridge before it could be destroyed. What could be done? The people were

in despair. Then a brave Roman, named Horatius Cocles said that with two others to help him, he would go across the bridge and meet the enemy. The way was narrow and three brave men could keep them in check Horatius was not afraid. He said, death came to every one soon or late and it would be an honor to die for his home. Then Lartius and Herminius, two other Romans, desired to go with Horatius. The three went over and stood in the way of the great army of Persena and Tarquin.

When the vanguard came up, a great shout of laughter rose. There were only three against thousands. Three of the bravest Etruscans rushed from the ranks to win the narrow pass. Lartius seized one and hurled him into the stream. Herminius struck another and clove him to the chin while Horatius thrust his sword clear through the third. Other champions came forward but they too, were slain. Still others came on but they were cut down by the dauntless three.

The whole army of Porsena now halted. Those in the rear cried, "Forward" those in front cried, "Back." At last Astur, a giant in stature and strength, stalked to the front. His shield and sword were such as none but he could wield. He looked contemptuously at the three brave Romans who had blocked the way to Rome. He strode proudly forward, his ponderous sword uplifted. He struck at Horatius. Horatius, with sword and shield, warded off the mighty blows. In the struggle his thigh was gashed.

Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds, he sprang right

in Astur's face. His sword was driven clear through the giant's helmet and head. He fell with a crash. Horatius planted his heel on his throat and tugged hard to pull out his blade. After this no one dared to meet the three defenders of the bridge.

While Horatius and the other two were checking the advance of the foe, others were at work on the bridge. The beams were cut and it began to creak and crack. Soon it would fall. They shouted to the three to come back before the bridge fell. Lartius and Herminius darted back. When they reached the other side, they looked round and saw that Horatius was still in front of the enemy. They would have gone back and stood by him but with a mighty crash the bridge fell into the stream. Horatius was left alone. Tarquin wanted to kill him. Porsena commanded him to surrender. Horatius said not a word. He turned his back to the foe. He sheathed his sword and walked to the water's edge. The Tiber was high from recent rains. He did not wait a moment, but with all his armor on, he plunged into the tide. He was sore wounded. He had lost much blood. He was tired from fighting, but was brave. Again and again he sank and then came up nearer and nearer the other shore. All thought he would be drowned. The Etruscans cast their spears and shot many arrows at him. One arrow struck him in the eye and put it out. Yet he reached the shore in safety. The people crowded around him and shook his hand. He had saved the city. He was lifted and carried on the shoulders of

the people to his home. Money and lands were given him. After this he could fight no more for he was lame and blind in one eye. He was called Cocles because that means one-eyed. A brazen statute was set up in his honor in the temple of Vulcan.

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DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Saul was the king of Israel. He was tall and strong and noble looking but he did not do what pleased God. God chose another who should be king in his place sometime.

David was the son of Jesse. He was a shepherd boy and took care of his father's sheep. He loved and feared God. God was pleased with him. David was brave and feared no enemy for he knew that God was "on his side." One time a fierce bear came and would have killed his sheep but he slew it. Another time a roaring lion came to devour his lambs and he killed it too, and saved his flocks. He did not boast of his skill or bravery but gave all the credit to God.

King Saul was at war with the Philistines. Each army feared the other. The Philistines had one very large soldier. He was about ten feet tall. He was larger and


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stronger than any other man in the two armies. His name was Goliath. He came out every day and challenged any of Saul's soldiers to come and fight with him. No one dared to go.

Now it happened that David's brothers were with Saul's army. His father sent him with provisions for his brothers. David saw Goliath and heard his boastful challenge. He thought it was a shame that no one dared to go and fight for the Lord's people. He determined to go and fight him himself for he knew that God would help him. He had no sword or armour. He took only his staff, a sling and five smooth stones from the brook. He put a stone in the sling and slung it. It struck the great giant on the forehead and he fell upon the ground. Then David ran up and cut off his head with his own sword. So with God's help David won a great victory. The Philistines fled and the Israelites pursued and slew many of them.

After the battle the people praised David more than they did King Saul. This made the king very angry and he was jealous of David. He tried to kill David but God protected him. Saul had a son named Jonathan. He was good, brave and generous. Jonathan and David loved each other very much. Jonathan helped David to escape from his father. He warned him when there was danger. He risked his life to help his friend to escape. He gave up his father's kingdom for he knew that God favored David.

Once Jonathan told David to make haste and go away because his father was determined to kill him if he could

find him. The two faithful friends met in secret and embraced each other. They wept. Then they parted. David went away into the mountains and wild places to hide from Saul, and Jonathan went home to watch and warn his friend of danger. The king tried hard to capture David but he never succeeded. Two or three times David had a chance to kill the king but he did not do so because he knew it would not be right. He also remembered that Saul was Jonathan's father and he would not do anything to grieve his friend.

At last King Saul went to fight against the Philistines and was beaten. God did not help him because he was wicked. When Saul saw that the battle was lost, he feared being taken prisoner by the enemy. He fell upon his own sword and killed himself. Jonathan was killed in this battle too. When David heard of it, he grieved very much for his friend. After this David became King of Israel and lived many years.

HORATII AND CURIATII.

In the early days before Rome had gained much power she had disputes with other cities for the mastery. Other cities besides Rome desired to be great. At this time the Romans contended with the Albans. At last it was agreed that the two cities should join together as one. There was a dispute, however, as to which should be the greater city. It was finally decided to settle the dispute by a combat.

In the Alban city there were three brothers born at a birth, named Curiatus. Among the Romans there were also three brothers born at a birth. Their family name was Horatius. The mothers of these young men were sisters so they were therefore cousins. It was decided that the three Curiatii on one side and the three Horatii on the other should fight and decide the dispute. They met on a plain between the two camps. It was a very hard fight for they were all skilled warriors. It continued a long time until two of the Horatii were killed and all three of the Curiatii were wounded. The last Horatius was not injured but he could not withstand the three wounded Curiatii together. He began to run and the Curiatii ran after him. They did not all keep together for some of them were badly wounded. After running awhile the Curiatii were some distance apart. When the Romans saw Horatius running they thought he was afraid and gave up the fight. They groan-

ed and hissed at him. Horatius was wise. When he saw that the Curiatii were far enough apart he stopped suddenly and met the foremost one and slew him. Then he met the second and killed him also. The third met the same fate, so Horatius was victorious and Rome was the master of the Albans. The Romans stripped the Curiatii and gave their garments to Horatius. With these garments, he entered Rome.

Now, it happed that the sister of Horatius was betrothed to one of the Curiatii. She was very anxious to know the fate of her lover. She went out to meet her brother. When she saw him bearing the garments of the Curiatii, she knew that her lover was dead. She shrieked and accused her brother of murdering her lover. Horatius was very angry because she wept for Curiatius and had forgotten her own brothers who had been killed. He drew his sword and killed his sister on the spot. This act shocked the people. Horatius was tried and condemned to die but his friends pleaded for his life. So the consul spared his life but compelled him to pass under the yoke, as a sort of punishment for the murder of his sister.

ABSENT MINDED.

Once there was a noted artist. He could paint beautiful pictures and he loved his art. Whenever he found a nice smooth surface anywhere he liked to draw and paint pictures on it. One day his wife was sick and her back pained her very much. The doctor visited her and prescribed for her. He told her husband, the artist, to put iodine on her back with a brush. When the doctor was gone the artist got the iodine and a brush and proceeded to do as the doctor had directed. His wife's back was smooth and white. The artist imagined that it was a nice smooth canvas and began to paint a picture on it. He painted trees and flowers and other things. By and by his wife became impatient and asked him what he was doing so long. Then the artist came to himself and saw that he had painted a picture on his wife's back while he was dreaming. He told his wife what he had done by mistake and they both laughed heartily.

I think the laugh did his wife as much good as the iodine.

THE STORK AND THE DOG.

A large stork lived in the park. A stork is a large queer-looking bird. It has very long legs and a long bill. One day a small dog came into the park. He came near the stork. Just then somebody threw an apple on the grass. The dog wanted to play with the apple and the stork wanted to eat it. They both ran after it. The stork reached it first and picked it up. He held it in his bill and the dog ran about and barked at the stork. The stork could not swallow the apple so he put it down and jabbed it with his bill. The dog ran and took the apple away from the stork. But the stork ran after the dog and made him drop the apple. The stork got it again. He could not eat it because when he put it down, the dog would run for it. Many people watched the dog and the stork. They were much amused.

AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

Aaron Burr was a noted figure in the United States early in its history. He was a noted lawyer and an ambitious and able man. He quarreled with Alexander Hamilton and killed him in a duel in 1804. Afterward Burr plotted against the government of the United States and was tried for treason. He was acquitted but left the country and visited Europe.

Burr had but one child, a daughter. She was talented like her father, and very beautiful. She lived with her husband, a Mr. Alston, in Charleston, South Carolina. Her father, after a long visit in Europe decided to return to America. He wrote to his daughter and asked her to meet him in New York. At that time there were no railroads. The only way to reach New York from Charleston was by stage or by ships. Burr's daughter decided to go by ship. Her husband did not accompany her. She took passage in a schooner for New York. She took with her her own portrait which she intended to present to her father, and a small dog. After she embarked at Charleston, she was never seen by her friends again. It was a long time before it was discovered what had become of her. It is now known that pirates captured the schooner in which she was, and murdered the crew and passengers by throwing them overboard. After robbing the vessel the pirates set it adrift and it was wrecked on

the coast near Nags Head, North Carolina. Before the vessel went down the people who lived on the coast rescued the picture and the dog. The picture is still preserved as a valued relic of Aaron Burr and the tragic fate of his beautiful daughter.

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A RING OF ILL-OMEN.

Alphonso XII., king of Spain, had a splendid ring made. It was set with costly diamonds and pearls. He gave the ring to his cousin, Mercedes, the day they were betrothed. Mercedes lived but a short time after that. After the death of Mercedes the valuable ring was given to Alphonso's grandmother who died soon afterward. Then the king gave the ring to his sister, who died within a month. The ring was next worn by Christiene, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. In less than 100 days this lady was also dead. Alphonso then locked up the fatal ring in his own casket and inside of a year the king himself was summoned by the grim reaper. The jewel was then placed around the neck of the statue of the Maid of Almadena, the patron saint of Madrid, where it still remains. It may be seen by every one who passes. It is very valuable but no one dares to take it, so it is safe where it hangs in the public street.

ZINTKA LANUNI.

Zintka Lanuni is a little Indian girl about six years old. She is the adopted daughter of Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby of Beatrice, Nebraska. Zintka was a foundling on a battle field, away out in South Dakota.

The Sioux Indians in South Dakota began to make trouble. They were ordered to disband and go to their homes. They refused to do this. Advised by their medicine men, they attacked the United States troops. Then the troops charged the Indians and all who appeared were slain. This was called the battle of Wounded-knee Creek. Colonel Colby took part in this battle. Just after the battle a severe storm set in and the Indians, who had been killed in the battle, were left unburied, save by the snow, for four days. On the fourth day a little girl baby was found in its dead mother's arms under the deep snow. The squaw had been shot during the battle and as she fell she had wrapped her blanket around her baby and held it close. This and the covering of snow kept the tender babe from freezing. It was very weak for want of food when discovered. Kind hands carried it to some Indian women who nursed it carefully and it soon revived. As the women nursed it they kept saying softly, "Zintka Lanuni," "Zintka Lanuni," which are Indian words and mean, "Poor lost bird." So the foundling was named Zintka Lanuni.

When Mr. and Mrs. Colby heard of the baby they decided to adopt it, as they had no children of their own. They took good care of the baby and as it grew they taught it just like other children. Zintka is dark complexioned with black eyes and long, black silky hair. She is very bright and goes to Kindergarten where she learns very fast. Sometimes she can read people's thoughts and often answers their questions before they have asked them.

When Zintka was found in the snow, she wore a pretty shawl and a very pretty bonnet which her Indian mamma had made for her. The bonnet was made of soft buck-skin, covered with colored beads, worked in beautiful patterns. On each side was the picture of a flag made of bright red, white and blue beads.

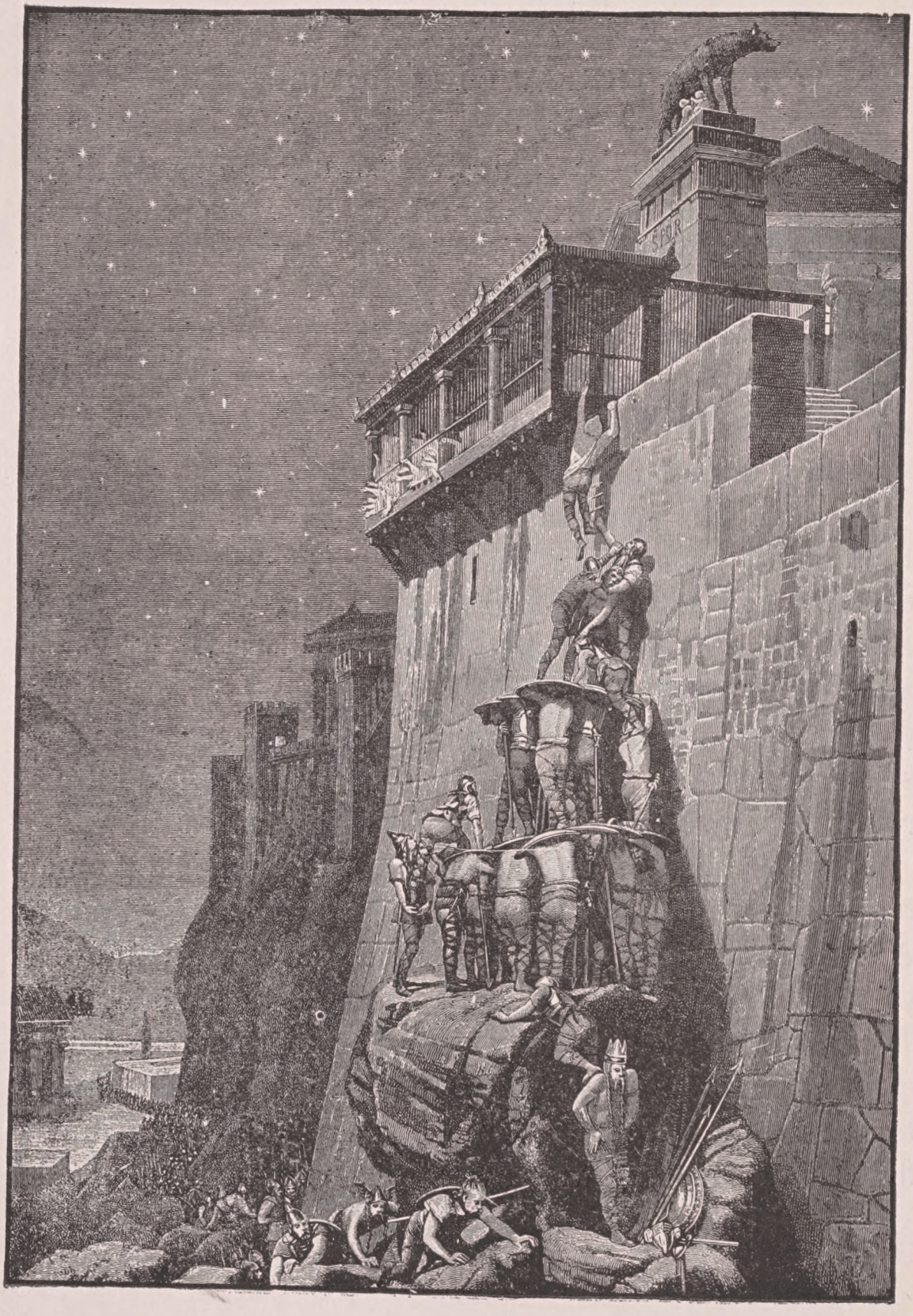
Mrs. Colby is very proud of her adopted daughter, Zintka, and she hopes to train her to be a good Christian and a useful woman.

THE GAULS IN ROME.

A long time ago the Gauls lived in the country north of Italy. They were a rough and warlike people. About the year 390, Brennus was the leader of the Gauls, who had crossed the Alps into Italy. The Gauls were pretty much like freebooters or robbers. They went about the country robbing and killing the people. The Romans tried to stop Brennus, but he became very angry and marched against Rome.

The Romans sent an army to meet Brennus. They thought they could win an easy victory, but they were defeated by the Gauls. The Roman army was broken up and fled. The unwelcome news was carried to Rome and the people were filled with fear and dread. The enemy was marching toward the city. There were no soldiers in Rome to resist them. The people fled to the country, carrying what they could with them.

Only the garrison in the Capitol, which was built on a high, steep hill, and eighty senators remained in Rome. All others had fled. The Gauls came on and ran all over the city. They collected all the treasures they could find. They burned the houses. In the Forum they found the eighty senators sitting quietly in their chairs. The senators were old with long white beards. When the Gauls first saw them they were awe-stricken by their dignified


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appearance. Soon however, the Gauls fell upon the senators and killed them all.

The Gauls also tried to capture the Capitol but they could not. The hill was too steep. On one side of the Capitol there was a steep precipice. One dark night the Gauls tried to climb up this precipice and surprise the garrison. Some soldiers stood together with their shields over their heads. Some other soldiers climbed up and stood on the shields and held their own shields over their heads also. Then others climbed up and stood on these other shields, so they could reach ledges of rocks above their heads. Several went up this way. They climbed very quietly, clinging to the vines and bushes which grew on the precipice. Finally two of the Gauls reached the top and just as they did so, some geese which the Romans kept, as sacred to Juno, began to scream and cackle. This noise brought to the spot a brave officer, Marcus Manlius, who discovered the Gauls. With his sword he cut off the hand of one and knocked the other over with his buckler. Both Gauls fell headlong, down the precipice, knocking down their companions who were coming up after them. So the Capitol was saved and the Romans thanked Juno for saving them by means of her sacred geese.

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn was born on the 14th of October, 1644. His father was an English admiral and his mother a Dutch lady. Admiral Penn was a rich and fashionable man and was quite popular at the court of the king. He desired his only son, William, to become famous like himself, so he sent him to college at Oxford.

William Penn was expelled from Oxford, because he followed the teachings of the Quakers. This displeased his father very much and he was beaten and turned out of doors. Afterward his father sent him to France to complete his education and forget the Quakers. He remained in France several years and traveled a good deal. After his return to England he studied law but he had no taste for it and soon gave it up.

During the great plague in London, which took place in 1666, Penn witnessed much distress. Hundreds of people were dying, without friends or assistance. Penn's heart was touched, and he began to think of the teachings of the Quakers again. Then his father sent him to Ireland on business. While in Ireland, he was a soldier for a time. He also attended Quaker meetings, and soon became an avowed follower of George Fox, the famous Quaker leader.

The Quakers thought it was wrong to go to war. They would not take off their hats to anybody. They wore plain

clothes and tried to do good. When Penn went home from Ireland, he refused to honor his father by taking off his hat to him. He would not even take off his hat to the king, or in the presence of the judges in court. Penn wrote books in support of Quakerism. He also traveled and preached in various countries. He was cast into prison on account of his opinions but his father helped to get him out. At that time the Quakers were much persecuted and Penn did much to help them.

When admiral Penn died he left all his property to his son, William. He also left a large sum of money in the hands of the king. The king could not pay this money so Penn induced him to grant him a tract of land in America west of the Delaware river in payment of the debt. The king agreed to do this and called the province Pennsylvania in honor of the admiral. Penn, himself, wished to call it New Wales, or Sylvania.

When Penn had secured the land he collected Quakers and other persecuted people and sent them to begin a settlement in his new province. The first company sailed up the Delaware in 1681. The next year Penn himself came over. He started with one hundred Quakers but during the voyage smallpox broke out and thirty of them died of this terrible disease.

Penn laid out the city of Philadelphia, which means "Brotherly Love," in 1682 and invited all good people to settle there. He made everything free. He treated the Indians justly and paid for their lands. He showed that

he was their friend and they appreciated his kindness. Penn never had any trouble with his red neighbors. Penn also sold land to the settlers in small pieces, so that all poor people might own their farms.

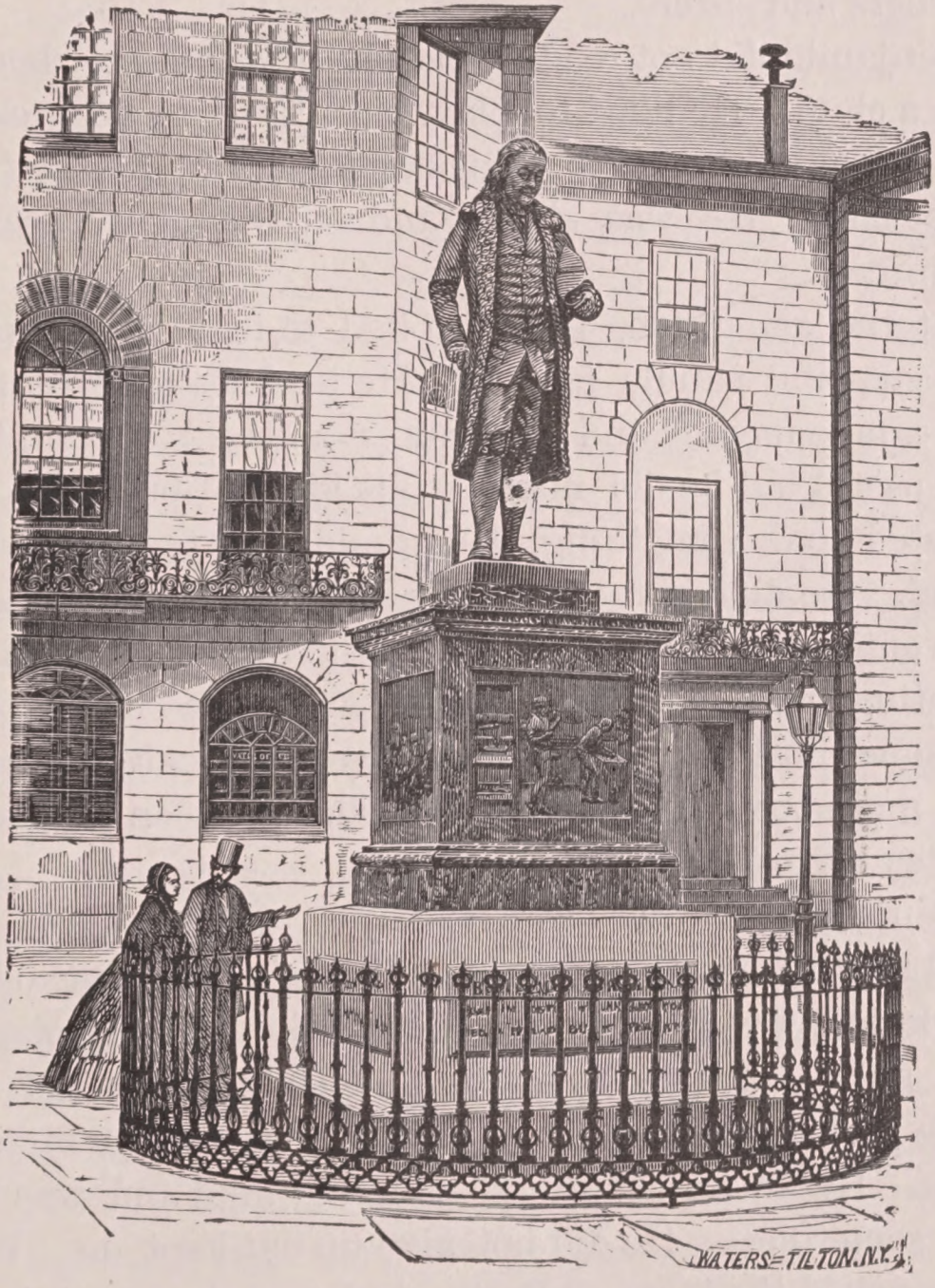
All these things caused Pennsylvania to grow faster than any other colony in America. The Quakers lived in peace with everybody. They were not proud or greedy. Penn visited his colony several times. His house may yet be seen in Philadelphia. He died in London on the 30th of May, 1718.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most distinguished men of this country. He was a great writer, a philosopher and a patriot. When he was young he was honest and a hard worker. He studied very hard and read all the good books he could get.

Franklin was born in Boston, January 17th, 1706. His father was a soap boiler and candlemaker. He was not rich and had to work hard to support a large family. Benjamin was the fifteenth child in the family. He learned to read when quite young. He was more delighted with a book than other children with toys. He


WATERS-TILTON. N.Y.

attended school only two years. He learned very fast, however, and soon knew as much, and more than his brothers and sisters.

Benjamin did not read and study all the time when he was a child. He liked to play, too. He was very clever and often did amusing things and got into mischief like other boys. He was strong and active and an excellent swimmer.

At the age of ten, Franklin had to help his father in the soap and candle factory. He tended the store, filled the candle moulds and went on errands. He made himself useful but he did not like this kind of business. He wanted to do something that would help to improve his mind. He thought of running off to sea, but his father prevented it. At last he was apprenticed to learn the printing trade with his brother, James, who had a printing-office in Boston. He liked printing because he could get more books and papers to read. He soon learned to write articles for the papers.

Benjamin and his brother, James, did not agree very well together, so they parted and Benjamin went to New York to get work. But in New York he could not get a job, so he concluded to go to Philadelphia. He had very little money, so he walked part of the way to Philadelphia. He tramped through rain and mud and was hungry sometimes. He did not give up but kept on. When he reached the "City of Brotherly Love" the first thing he did was to visit a baker's shop and buy some rolls. He

carried a roll under each arm and one in his hand which he ate as he walked along the street. He did not care if the people smiled or laughed at him. One young girl, Dorothy Read, laughed heartily when she saw him. Franklin looked very funny. His clothes were splashed with mud and besides the rolls under his arms, his spare stockings and shirt were sticking out of his pockets. It was enough to make anybody laugh. In a few years, this same young lady became Franklin's wife and helped him in his business.

Franklin soon became the best printer in Philadelphia. Governor Keith encouraged him to go to London to get a new press and types and promised to help him. When Franklin had reached London, he found that Keith had deceived him. He was without money or friends. He soon found employment in a printing-office. Here he learned some new things about the business and earned enough money to go back to Philadelphia. He could make ink and cast types and engrave on type metal. He became a very useful man.

By and by Franklin had his own printing-office and printed a newspaper, The Pennsylvania Gazette. It was the best newpaper in America at that time. He also studied hard and learned several languages. He could read French, Italian, Spanish and Latin. He discovered that lightning was the same as electricity and invented the lightning-rod. He became famous because he was wise and sensible.

Franklin was appointed to various public offices. He was elected to the Pennsylvania assembly for fourteen years. He was sent to England by the colonists to settle difficulties. After the War of the Revolution broke out, he was sent to France to persuade that country to assist the Americans. He was very successful.

Franklin also worked hard to improve the conditions of society in America. He organized the first police and first fire company in the colonies. He also founded the first library in this country. He started a hospital and a high school, which afterward became the University of Pennsylvania. He also organized the first society for the abolition of slavery.

On account of his many services to the colonists and his wisdom and sagacity, Benjamin Franklin became the most popular man in America, except Washington. He died on the 17th of April, 1790. He was mourned by the whole country and twenty thousand people attended his funeral.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Abraham was a good man who lived a great many ages ago. He was the great father of all the Jewish people found in the world. He loved and served the Lord faithfully. He never doubted God's goodness. His wife's name was Sarah.

God appeared to Abraham several times. He promised him that his children should multiply and become a great nation. Abraham and Sarah were nearly one hundred years old but they had no children. Still Abraham had faith in God's promise. He waited patiently.

When Abraham was one hundred years old he had a son and he named him Isaac. Abraham and Sarah were very glad that God had remembered them and given them a son. Isaac grew larger and stronger every day and Abraham and Sarah loved him very much.

Abraham was very faithful to God. He was always willing to obey. God was pleased with Abraham's faith. He gave him great riches and power. Abraham had a great many servants who took care of his flocks of cattle and sheep.

God wished to prove Abraham's faith. He commanded him to take his son Isaac and offer him up for a burnt offering. Yes, God told Abraham to kill his only son, lay him on the wood on the altar and let him be burnt as if he were a lamb. This was very hard for Abraham to do, but he prepared to obey God.



Abraham took his son, Isaac and travelled a three days journey to a certain mountain. Isaac did not know he was to be the sacrifice. They built an altar and put the wood on it. Then Abraham took Isaac and bound him and put him on the wood on the altar. He raised his knife to kill Isaac but just then an angel from God called to him and told him not to kill Isaac. God had tried him and found him faithful.

Then Abraham saw a ram caught in the bushes by the horns. God had sent the ram there to be a burnt offering instead of Isaac. And Abraham took the ram and killed him and offered him up on the altar. He was glad that God had spared Isaac.

The angel spoke to Abraham again. He told him that God was pleased because he was faithful and obedient. He told him that God would bless him and make him great. He told him that his descendants should be so many that they could not be counted. After that Abraham and Isaac came down from the mountain and returned to their home.

DANIEL BOONE.

Daniel Boone was a Kentucky pioneer and hunter. He was born on the 11th of February, 1835, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. His parents came from England. At that time Pennsylvania was almost covered with forests and young Boone became an excellent hunter when he was very young. He loved nature and he loved to wander through the woods and over the mountains in search of game. He was an accurate marksman. He could track the wild breast or the Indian easily and seldom made mistakes.

When Boone was a mere lad he went off one morning to hunt and did not come home in the evening. His friends were alarmed. They feared he had met with some accident. A large party went in search of him. They searched two days and at last found him only three miles from home. He had built a little hut and was sitting before a fire broiling meat. He had not been lost at all. He was having a good time alone in the woods.

When Daniel Boone was a man his parents moved to North Carolina where they cleared a new farm. Daniel did not like farm work, so he hunted most of the time and supplied the family with meat. Boone crossed the Alleghany mountains and visited what is now Tennessee and Kentucky. It was a very beautiful country and full of all kinds of game, so he decided to make it his home. With only one companion, he explored the country and select-

ed a place to make a settlement. This is a dangerous trip for the woods were full of hostile Indians. Once they were captured by a large body of savages, but they managed to escape. Afterward Boone's companion was killed by the Indians and he remained alone for many months, but at last returned to his home in North Carolina.

Boone told the people about the beautiful country west of the mountains and a large party decided to move thither. The journey to Kentucky was interrupted by an attack by the Indians and several persons were killed, including one of Boone's sons. The party then went back to wait for a more suitable time.

Boone was made a captain by the governor of Viriginia. He acted as guide to a surveying party in Kentucky and kept off the Indians. Later he was at the battle of Point Pleasant and fought against Red Eagle, Logan and other great Indian Chiefs. After this Boone brought his party from North Carolina to Kentucky and made a settlement on the south bank of the Kentucky river. They called it Boonesborough. It was a beautiful place and the settlers soon had a fort and houses built and cleared land for crops.

One summer a daughter of Boone and two other girls were captured by the Indians, while playing in a canoe on the river. They were carried away into the forest by the savages. The girls tore pieces from their dresses and broke boughs which they dropped on the ground. This was to guide their friends when they came after them.

Boone and some of his friends followed the trail of the Indians and finally came up with them. They fired upon the savages, killing several and wounding others. The girls were rescued and taken home in safety.

Boone was again captured by the Indians. He had gone with others to the salt licks to make salt. One day while the other men were busy, Boone went out alone to look for game. He was suddenly surrounded and bound by the Indians before he could get away. There were two hundred Indians, so Boone advised his friends to surrender which they did. The Indians were very proud because they had captured the famous hunter. They treated him well and took their prisoners to Detroit which was then in the hands of the British. They exchanged all their prisoners for goods and rum except Boone. They would not give him up although the British offered them five hundred dollars for him. They took him to their town and adopted him into their tribe, the Shawnees. His hair was all pulled out except a scalp lock. He was then stripped and washed in the river after which he was declared to be an Indian brave. Boone lived with the savages several months and all that they he watched for a chance to escape. His friends at Boonesborough gave him up as dead and his wife and children went back to North Caroline.

Boone discovered that the Indians were preparing to attack Boonesborough, so he contrived to escape. He traveled fast, living on berries and roots for he was afraid to shoot any game as it would set the Indians on his trail.

He reached the fort in safety. His friends were surprised but very glad to see him again. They prepared to resist the Indians, who, when they came, numbered five hundred. There were only forty men at the fort to resist them. The British assisted the Indians but after a siege of twelve days, they left and the fort was safe.

The Indians admired Boone very much and desired to capture him again but they never succeeded, although he lived the same wild life. In 1797 Boone moved to Missouri where he spent the most of his time in the woods, hunting. In his old age he was still too smart to let the Indians capture him. He had many friends who would have taken good care of him but he preferred the wild life of the woods. He had his coffin made several years before he died and kept it in the house. He was buried in this coffin when he died in 1820. His remains were afterward removed to Frankfort, Kentucky.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Hagar was the servant of Sarah, Abraham's wife. She had come from Egypt and she had a son whose name was Ishmael. When Isaac, Sarah's son, was a small boy, Ishmael mocked him. This displeased Sarah very much. She told Abraham to send Hagar and Ishmael away.

Abraham did as Sarah wished. He gave Hagar a bottle of water and some bread and sent her and her son away from his home. Hagar and Ishmael travelled on foot and came to a desert place. The sun was very hot and there was no water to be found. They drank all the water in the bottle and ate the bread. After that they could get no more food or water. They became very hungry and thirsty. Hagar laid her son under a tree in the shade, then she went away a little piece so she might not see him die. She wept for her son. And the angel heard Hagar weeping. He told her not to be afraid. He showed her a well of water there in the wilderness. Hagar filled her bottle with water and gave some to Ishmael to drink. Then Ishmael became strong and well again.

After this God was kind to Ishmael. He became an archer. He shot with a bow and arrow. He grew to be a rough man. Hagar took for him a wife out of Egypt



God promised that his descendants should be many. He said that all other people would be against Ishmael's descendants. He also said that Ishmael would be against all other people. Ishmael's descendants live in Arabia and Egypt.

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JACOB.

Jacob had deceived his father, Isaac, and received the blessing which was intended for Esau. In this he had done wrong but afterward he did right and God forgave him. Esau, his brother, would not forgive him. He threatened to kill him when their father should die.

And Isaac sent Jacob away to Haran where his mother, Rebekah, used to live. He did not want Jacob to marry a woman of Canaan because they worshipped idols. He wished Jacob to marry a daughter of Laban, Rebekah's brother, because they served the true God.

And Jacob took some food and his staff and travelled many days toward the land of Haran. One evening when he was very tired he took some stones for a pillow and lay down on the ground to rest and sleep. And while he slept, he dreamed. In his dream he saw a ladder or steps set up on the ground and it reached unto

heaven. And the angels of the Lord went up and down on the steps. There was a great light at the top of the steps and he heard the voice of the Lord speaking to him. The Lord told Jacob not to fear and he would bless him. He told him that he would watch over him and keep him from harm.

When Jacob awoke, he knew that the Lord was in that place. So he knelt down and worshipped God and called the place Bethel, which means the "house of God." He promised to serve and be faithful to God. Then he rose and went on his way and came to the land of Haran.

Jacob found some men with their flock of sheep near a well. He asked them if they knew Laban and they said that they did. They told him that Rachel, Laban's daughter, was coming with her sheep for water. Then Jacob ran and removed the stone from the well and drew water for Rachel's sheep. After that he kissed her and told her that he was Rebekah's son. Then Rachel was glad and ran and told her father, Laban. And Laban ran to meet Jacob and kissed him and took him to his house. He was very glad to see his sister Rebekah's son.

Laban engaged Jacob to take care of his sheep and flocks and promised to give him his daughter, Rachel, for his wife after seven years. Jacob served Laban faithfully but at the end of seven years Laban would not give him Rachel. He gave him, Rachel's sister instead because she was the oldest. Then Jacob agreed to serve Laban seven more years for Rachel because he loved her

best. So at the end of the second seven years Jacob had Leah and Rachel both, for his wives.

God blessed Jacob so that Laban did not want him to go away. Jacob told Laban if he would give him some of his flocks, he would stay and serve him longer. Laban consented. Jacob's flocks increased very fast and God gave him sons. He became very rich and Laban became jealous of him. And the Lord told Jacob to leave Haran and go back to Canaan where his father lived.

Jacob collected his flocks of sheep and cattle and asses and camels. He took his wives and his sons, his man-servants and his maid-servants and started to go to Canaan. He did not tell Laban that he was going. He feared that Laban would take his wives and his sons from him, but the Lord promised to let no one hurt him.

After Jacob had travelled many days he heard that Esau was coming with five hundred men to meet him. He was afraid of Esau. He thought Esau would attack him. He sent presents of sheep and oxen and camels to Esau. Then he sent his wives and sons and servants across a river and remained alone. During the night a man came to Jacob and wrestled with him all night and in the morning Jacob found that it was an angel with whom he had been wrestling. He would not let the angel go until he had blessed him. The angel told Jacob not to fear anything for the Lord would take care of him.

Afterward Jacob met his brother, Esau, and they became friends again. Then Jacob travelled on and came



to Hebron where his father, Isaac, lived. But before he reached Hebron his beloved wife, Rachel, had died and he buried her at Bethlehem. When Isaac was one hundred and eighty years old, he died and Jacob and Esau buried him.

Jacob had twelve sons and the Lord God blessed him. He became very rich and had great flocks and herds. Then God told him that his name should no longer be Jacob but his name should be Israel. And the Lord promise to give the land of Canaan to his children's children.

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UNCLE SAM.

Uncle Sam is a queer old chap. He is very popular and his picture is often seen in the newspapers. He usually wears a high, old fashioned beaver hat, a blue, claw-hammer coat with stars on it and red and white striped pants which are too short for him and are held down by straps. He is very tall and slim and wears a long gray goatee. His feet are large and his arms and fingers are very long. Perhaps you have often seen his picture. Uncle Sam is a very rich man. He has large possessions of land, gold and silver mines, and many large building and

ships. His wife was a Miss Columbia and he has a very large family of children.

Uncle Sam was born about the year 1607 in a strange country and among a strange, savage people. He was a weak, sickly child and his parents were very poor. It was feared he would not live long. At one time he almost perished from disease and neglect. At another time he nearly starved to death. By and by he grew stronger and by the time his infancy was past he was robust and hearty. He was a very bright boy and learned very fast. He was also very independent and was always ready to fight for his rights. He would not let others abuse him. Sometimes he got hurt in his quarrels with his neighbors but he did not seem to mind it very much. When he was a youth he grew very fast, so fast in fact, that his clothes became too small for him. That is why his pantaloons are so short.

When Uncle Sam was quite young he took an eagle for a pet and of which he was very fond. Eagles are long lived birds and he has his eagle yet. He carries its picture about with him all the time. Its image is stamped in silver and gold. The eagle stamped in gold is worth ten dollars. Uncle Sam often presents the likeness of his eagle to his children and takes great delight in the pleasure it gives them.

Uncle Sam is a cousin of a funny little man, named John Bull. John Bull is short and fat and wears a red coat and top boots. He lives on one side of a large fish pond

and Uncle Sam lives on the other side. A long time ago John Bull claimed all the nice farms on both sides of this pond and Uncle Sam had to pay rent and taxes to him. The land was very wild where Uncle Sam lived. He had to clear the land and build houses. Then these farms became very valuable and John Bull made him pay high rent and more taxes. At last Uncle Sam refused to pay any more rent and taxes. This made John Bull very angry and they had a fight about it. During this fight each of them was knocked down several times. Finally Uncle Sam gave his cousin such a blow between the eyes that he could not fight any longer and he agreed to let him have the farms which he had improved. After this Uncle Sam began to get rich. He bought more land so that, now, he has one of the biggest farms in the world.

John Bull has a pet lion and Uncle Sam used to tease it and make it cross. He would twist its tail, then the lion would roar and disturb John Bull. He did not like it and they often had cross words about it. In 1812 John Bull interferred with some of Uncle Sam's boys while they were fishing on the pond. He made them get into his boat and help him. This made Uncle Sam very angry and he challenged John Bull to another fight. It was a pretty hard fight and each of them got a bloody nose. When it was over John Bull promised to let the boys alone when they were in their boats on the pond. After this Uncle Sam lived in peace for many years

Uncle Sam's next great trouble was with his own chil-

dren. Some of those who lived on the sunny side of his farm did not like the way he managed his business. They thought they could do better and teach the old gentleman a thing or two. They began to do as they pleased and would not mind him. He determined to make them obey his orders, so he called on his children who lived on the shady side of the farm to help him punish the disobedient boys.

Well there was a big fight because there were so many of them on each side. Many of the boys were hurt very badly but at last the little rebels promised to mind Uncle Sam and be good children again. Since this trouble, Uncle Sam has been very properous. He is very proud of his possessions. A few years ago he collected all the wonderful things he could find on his farm and in his work shops and invited all the people in the world to come and see them. He felt pretty big when all those people came to see him. He put on his finest clothes and his pet eagle sat on his shoulder and screamed.

VENICE.

Venice is a wonderful city in Italy on the Adriatic sea. It is often called the "Queen of the Adriatic." It is a very old city and many years ago it was more powerful and more beautiful than it is now. It is full of interest and people from all over the world go to visit there, because it is so unlike other cities and because there are so many interesting things to be seen.

The city is built on eighty small islands, separated by wide and narrow channels. These channels are called canals. The houses cover the islands so completely as to make it appear that they were built up in the water. Nearly all the streets are canals. There are no rattling wagons and squeaky carts. People and goods are carried from place to place in boats called gondolas. These gondolas are very graceful and beautiful as they glide noiselessly along over the smooth water between the tall, stately houses. The houses open on the canals and the people step from their doors into the gondolas when they go any place. There are also narrow winding footpaths along the canals which are frequently crossed by graceful bridges.

One of the bridges in Venice is called the Rialto. It is a graceful arch of marble, one hundred and fifty-eight feet long. It is three hundred years old. It is lined on either side with little shops, where everything is sold. It

is said the first newspaper ever published was sold on this bridge. The price of the paper was a coin, called a Gazetta. This is why, I suppose, so many newspapers are now called "Gazette."

St. Mark's is a famous cathedral, erected nearly eight hundred years ago. The stones, the marble and the timbers used in building it were brought from every country in Europe. In this wonderful church, repose the remains of St. Mark, so it is claimed. There are also four spiral columns here, said to have belonged to the temple of Solomon.

The Ducal palace is a noted building. It is very large and wonderfully rich in ornament and fine workmanship. It was first built one thousand years ago, but has been destroyed five times. Each time it was rebuilt with more splendor than before. The governors of Venice hold their court in this building and in the rear, just across a narrow canal, is the gloomy prison with its dungeons and torture-chambers. A bridge connects the Ducal palace with the prison and is called "the bridge of sighs."

The Grand canal is the fashionable avenue of Venice. It is very wide and about two miles long. Along this canal are the houses of the rich and many of them are beautiful marble palaces.

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